

FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 23, 1970

TIME
TV's Gift to Children



A man and a woman are in a rustic, cluttered shop. The woman, wearing a headscarf and a light-colored jacket, is holding a small, dark, textured object. The man, in a dark suit, is looking at it with interest. The shop is filled with various items on shelves, including jars, bottles, and bread. In the foreground, two packs of Viceroy cigarettes are displayed. The pack on the left is white with a red band and the Viceroy logo. The pack on the right is red with a white band and the Viceroy logo. The text of the advertisement is overlaid on the right side of the image.

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IN OTHERS' WORDS

Greg Smith, Account Supervisor, Marsteller, Inc. "To date over 6,000 American Wood Council Kit Folders have been sold at \$1.50—about 85% from the gatefold ad in *TIME* Magazine. Requests are still coming in even though the ad ran eight months ago. And it was a buried offer in the copy!"

TIME

Where ideas get response.

Terror in the Streets

Sir: Your cover story on urban terrorism [Nov. 2] was a welcome analysis of a subject that has thrust its ugly head to the fore. Perhaps it will serve to open the eyes and the minds of all those who scream for law and justice in one place while openly applauding terrorism and lawlessness in another, and of those who fear a creeping octopus of crime in their own backyard, yet applaud Communist-supported and fascist-like anarchy and murder in others.

Truly, we're all in it together.

MATTHEW MAIBAM
Los Angeles

Sir: You quoted several remarks of mine concerning "the new terror" in the U.S. You did not, however, quote my diagnosis of the phenomenon: that it is the result of the political system's inability to reform itself from within. I would like your readers to know that, in my view, this violence will continue until America makes the choice between a radical social transformation and neofascist repression. Terrorism is symptomatic of anarchic social conditions created by the inability of the present corporate state to solve the people's problems. Until the corporate state becomes a people's state there will be no peace in America.

RICHARD E. RUBENSTEIN
Roosevelt University
Chicago

Sir: In the 'teens they prized autos that could chug along at barely one-mile-an-hour so they could flirt with walking girls. In the '20s they flaunted hip flasks, wore raccoon coats, necked in rumble seats, and said, "excuse my dust." In the '30s they sat on flagpoles, danced marathons, leaned on WPA shovels and attended Pink meetings. In the '40s they ate live goldfish and carried books to avoid carrying rifles. In the '50s they staged panty raids, crowded 18 into five-passenger cars, burned rubber and played chicken. In the '60s they let their hair grow, smoked pot, read poetry in the rain, went nude. In the '70s, to top their forebears and get attention, they could only throw bombs.

GRADY JOHNSON
Santa Eulalia, Ibiza, Spain

Gaining Consciousness

Sir: Too bad you missed the point of Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* [Nov. 2] and misinterpreted much of what he says. It is true that some of his writing reeks with "incense," and some of the points he chooses to dwell upon are all too obvious. Unfortunately they are obvious only to some of us. Professor Reich has managed to put many things in proper perspective for those of us who feel that our objectives have all too often been empty or off the track, and who cannot feel that achieving these objectives has been rewarding in any true sense of the word.

MRS. ROBERT LONGMAN
Woodbury, N.Y.

Sir: Mr. Reich could have saved me much confusion if he had written *Greening* sooner. Consciousness III is not easy for one of my age (41) to get to, but well worth the effort. Consciousness IIIs smile a lot, hold doors, say hello, don't get frantic,

LETTERS

and have an inner love and sense of humor that is delightful. They have, in short, found themselves. Obviously your review has not reached this state.

(MRS.) JEAN C. HOWE
Philadelphia

Sir: Your description of Reich's book was quite apt. Consciousness III appears to be quite unconscionable. He fails to explain adequately the downfall of civilizations such as Greece that may have become top-heavy with Consciousness III subcultures. While some childlike quality is a desirable, neither children nor a society characterized as childlike are capable of self-sufficiency or of being ever-renewing.

RICHARD A. SALITERMAN
Columbia Law School
Manhattan

Sir: TIME and Reich are both wrong. The Consciousness III generation is naturally childlike, since the preceding generation pressed upon it the spoils of the grossest self-consciousness and social unconsciousness that any generation has ever manifested; the "natural piety" TIME sees youth struggling for is simply the fear of growing up. TIME errs, however, in ridiculing the assumption that man is inherently good until corrupted by society; in a world in which some unscientific assumptions must still be made, man's basic goodness is possibly the most positive and urgent of them all. If we cannot believe that, given generally decent surroundings, man can behave in a generally decent manner, why go on?

WILLIAM BUTLER
Weybridge, Surrey
England

Reckless Suspension?

Sir: The photo "Frisking Quebec Girl" [Nov. 2] should be mailed to everyone howling about suppression of civil rights by the War Measures Act in Canada. The soldier appears more embarrassed and intimidated than the victim, who manages to look more relaxed, charming and feminine than Raquel Welch in the same issue. Reckless and arbitrary suspension of civil rights? My ascot.

DR. HANS F. NORBERT
Toronto

Guarded Optimism

Sir: Your Chile story [Nov. 2] has an alarmist and overall negative slant that obscures the solidarity, caution and inner confidence that General Schneider's assassination tested and seemingly proved. It is a time for maximum sensitivity and understanding from the North. The potential for growth of a democracy in Latin America is much more momentous than the foreseeable danger of repression in leftism. A bumper sticker here says: "*Ser Libre Es Participar* [to be free is to participate]." This is what most of us believe in here, where I find informed (non-American) sources guarded optimism and new purpose. All Americans need to learn more about change with peace and peace with change.

BARCLIE HENRY
Santiago, Chile

Genesis of the Claim

Sir: Your story "The Malpractice Mess" [Nov. 2] wasn't your usual incisive approach but rather a superficial paste

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job. To begin with, you lifted a case—the one about Mrs. Louisa Alvaro—from my book *The Negligent Doctor* without realizing that although the story was true enough, her name was fictitious. But most important, the article recites all the clichés advanced by the American Medical Association without taking the trouble to check them out.

And whether the number of malpractice cases is few or many, or whether doctors' insurance premiums are high or low, is not nearly as important as what kind of care the American public is getting. After all, the genesis of any such claim is the quality of treatment that is being rendered. To find the answer to this question, had you checked the superb in-depth study on medicine you did in your issue of Feb. 21, 1969, you would have found that "for 25%, care is either inexcusably bad, given in humiliating circumstances, or nonexistent."

CHARLES KRAMER
Manhattan

Sir: It may be of small comfort to modern physicians affected by the malpractice mess to learn that their ancient counterparts suffered physical rather than financial reprisals at times.

According to the principle of *lex talionis*, or "an eye for an eye," Law 218 of Hammurabi's Law Code (18th century B.C.) stipulates that:

"If a physician performed a major operation on a citizen with a bronze lancet and has caused the citizen's death, or he opened up the eye socket of a citizen and has destroyed the citizen's eye, they shall cut off his hand."

On the other hand, if the physician had been successful, he would have received ten shekels of silver, or what amounted to ten

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First on the mountain, last to go home. The 20,000 members
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Chances are you'll never need the skills of the men and women
who wear the gold and blue cross . . . but isn't it nice to know they are there?



months' wages for the average workingman. Of course, the fact that medical fees have always been high is of small comfort to the modern patient.

EDWIN M. YAMAUCHI
Associate Professor of History
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Sir: You suggest that the contingent fee is what allows poor people to sue. Is it not closer to the truth that such a fee allows poor lawyers to get rich? There are no penalties for malicious litigiousness, no deterrents to the nuisance lawsuit. The game of trying for the fast buck has no risk for the indifferent lawyer or the greedy client. The medical malpractice mess means only that a greed for gain and a fear of death and disease have been maximized into the neat game of a free lottery. And as a result, the shortage of doctors will increase, not decrease.

SIDNEY VERNON, M.D.
Williamantic, Conn.

Meet Dr. Leonard

Sir: The article on John Leonard of the *New York Times* [Nov. 2] was most interesting. As a longtime fan, I could only be pleased at this public recognition of his talents.

However, I must confess great sympathy for frustrated Women's Lib groups when an article attempting to encapsule a writer's background makes no mention that his wife is quite a person in her own right. No simpering housewife, Christiana Leonard was graduated *cum laude* from Radcliffe, holds a doctorate from M.I.T.,

and is now engaged in teaching and research in her field of physiological psychology at Rockefeller University. As I happen to know full well, her contributions to her husband's success have been incalculable—and her own success in the scientific world—particularly in view of her sex—merits at least a word or two.

(MRS.) RUTH W. SMITH
(Dr. Christiana Leonard's
mother-in-law)
Lakewood, Calif.

Salvation from the Future

Sir: Bravo for Prime Minister Lynden O. Pindling [Oct. 19], who has the guts to try to preserve the Bahamas from the pending ecological disaster that we "progressive" nations have ignorantly overdeveloped for ourselves and our world.

He is trying to save his country, and his independent, self-respecting countrymen from what would be their obvious future—occupational servitude to the well-heeled, thoughtless "guests" inundating the islands, demanding services and luxurious comforts.

(MRS.) ELEANOR R. LARSON
Wayzata, Minn.

Good News Is News

Sir: You say in "American Notes" [Nov. 2] that *Saturday Review* tried a "good news" section in the early '50s, but it folded for lack of easy access to material. No doubt true, but Editor Norman Cousins' judgment in 1949 still stands today: "If news is not really news unless it is bad news, then it may be difficult

to claim we are an informed nation."

As an A.P. bureau chief for 40 years I had similar failures, but recently some of us started a syndicated good-news column. We have 200 reporters and writers pouring in good stuff and 400 subscribing major newspapers and radio stations.

The news-reading public is thirsting for good news. There is plenty of it around, and the press just may be coming abreast of a new wave of good-news reporting.

HUBBARD KEAVY
South Laguna, Calif.

The Way to Break In

Sir: Those affected by "The New Face of Unemployment" [Nov. 2] deserve our sympathy. My sympathy is restrained, however, with regard to the recent male graduate of Columbia College whom you describe as forlorn because his \$45-a-week unemployment compensation is running out. He is forced to live with his mother in order to meet car payments, and after 100 interviews for positions in journalism, advertising or public relations, he is still jobless. I suggest he take a typing and shorthand course and seek a job as a secretary. Female college graduates have been told for decades that the way to break into business is through secretarial work. And I can personally assure the young man in your story that the sting of humiliation deadens after the first five years with no promotion.

HETTIE ALBO VENEZIANO
Pittsburgh

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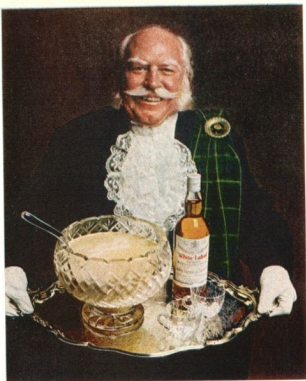
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1½ to 2 cups heavy sweet cream

2 cups Dewar's "White Label"
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Heat honey, and when it thins slightly, stir in cream. Heat together, but do not boil. Remove from heat and slowly stir in whisky. Athole Brose may be served hot or chilled. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (If you would like even a little more touch of Scotland, soak 1 cup oatmeal in two cups water overnight. Strain and mix liquid with other ingredients.)

Athole Brose made with Dewar's "White Label" is a warm and sturdy brew. Against the cold of the winter months it will bring good cheer. And as happens with many things at this time of year, its long, authentic history seems to add a little comfort to the holiday season.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Life Without Heroes

Americans were both bemused and bewildered by Charles de Gaulle. He was often one of the most infuriating allies this nation has ever had. Like Kremlinologists, a priesthood of State Department experts devoted years to trying to penetrate his mind on NATO and other issues. For a time during the '60s, many exasperated American laymen simply gave up French wines and trips to Paris. But nearly all of that irritation had vanished before De Gaulle died last week at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises (see THE WORLD).

De Gaulle still remained something of a mystery to Americans. He claimed a *grandeur*, a *synecdoche* of self and nation ("La France, c'est moi"), which in another man would have seemed monstrously totalitarian, or at least extremely

eccentric. America's last comparable hero was Dwight Eisenhower, as Kinsman as De Gaulle was Cartesian, and it may be that Ike was the last man who could have said with any safety: "I am America!" Richard Nixon would not dare to try the formula—nor would Georges Pompidou, for that matter. The U.S. has accommodated itself to a life without national heroes. De Gaulle was splendidly archaic, and in any case, as Hawthorne said, "A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world."

Will the Real Amelia . . .

One of the 20th century's more resilient mysteries is the disappearance of Flyer Amelia Earhart in 1937 in the South Pacific near the end of a round-the-world flight. Almost the only claim not made by theorists over the years was that she was alive, well and living in New Jersey.

That omission was rectified last week with the publication of *Amelia Earhart Lives* (McGraw-Hill; \$7.95). In the book, Novelist Joe Klaas traces the ten-year pursuit of an *idée fixe* by Joseph Gervais, a former Air Force major. Amelia, they say, was really on a spy mission for President Roosevelt, was interned in Japan during the war and traded back to the U.S. in 1945, where she has lived under an alias ever since. Their argument rests on a slithering foundation of fanciful codes, anagrams, leading but unanswered questions, and hints at deals among the Japanese, Roosevelt and an American industrialist.

The woman they name as Amelia is Mrs. Guy Bolam, widow of a businessman and now living in Monroe Township, N.J. She emerged long enough last week to ridicule the book as a "poorly documented hoax." Hoax or not, the people's appetite for myth and mystery seems insatiable. Before her press conference was over, the woman from New Jersey had convinced many she was not Amelia Earhart. But some wondered whether she was really Mrs. Guy Bolam, either.

Great Escapes

Feeling all choked up? Sakowitz's department store in Houston is marketing a "home dome" that completely encloses houses and grounds in vinyl. Beneath the dome, which costs \$7.50 per square foot, 300 to 1,000 tons of electric air conditioning will maintain an Astrodomic 72° in summer, while the structure seals out smog and soot. For less well-heeled customers, Sakowitz offers a cheaper escape from the noxious fumes: a sequined gas mask for \$6.

In Dallas, Neiman-Marcus has another idea: if the air breeds black lungs, lift sail. For a fitting departure, the store will provide a \$588,247 ark, "the perfect retreat from come-what-may." At 50 cubits wide, 30 cubits deep and 250 cubits long, it is slightly smaller than the biblical proportions, but still large enough to accommodate pairings of 92 mammals, ten reptiles, 26 birds, 14 fresh-water fish and 38 insects on its kennel deck. The species are presumably those that Neiman-Marcus deems necessary for setting up life in some as yet unpolluted corner of the globe. No rain required.

Pillory

Democracy depends upon the acceptance by the minority of the majority's will, and most Americans acquiesce to election results with relative equanimity. Not so William Loeb, the ultraconservative publisher of the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader*. In the state's gubernatorial election this fall, Loeb supported conservative Democrat Roger Crowley, hoping that a large voter turnout in Manchester would carry Crowley past the Republican incumbent, Walter Peterson, into the statehouse. Crowley lost by 4,200 votes. Last week the *Union Leader* began publishing the names of the 15,000 Manchester voters who failed to show up at the polls. It is they, says Loeb, who cost his man the election.



AMELIA EARHART (1926)

MRS. IRENE BOLAM





GREETING AUSTRIA'S PRESIDENT JONAS AT NOTRE DAME



AT WHITE HOUSE WITH MEXICO'S ECHEVERRIA

The President's Post-Election Agenda

THE Nixon-Agnew fall campaign, by what it stressed and what it ignored, glazed the Administration with a more conservative patina than its actual policies warranted. The approach lost more than it gained. Further, the President goes into his second two years with most of his program still unrealized. Hence Richard Nixon the policymaker and administrator now has considerable cause—and opportunity—to edge back toward the middle.

He is not, of course, about to embrace the Democratic liberals or make a willy-nilly alliance with the G.O.P. left. For the sake of both appearances and tactics, the President must hold his right flank. Among the first politicians he saw after the election were leaders of Senator-elect James Buckley's New York Conservative Party. Last week Spiro Agnew was still refighting the campaign, arguing that the only mistake was that "we undersold our message."

In-Flight President. Less visibly, Nixon, other officials and Agnew himself were looking ahead rather than back. Nixon, the in-flight President, did not let his travels—from Key Biscayne to Washington to Paris and back to Washington—deter him from constant consultation with aides. Much of his flying time was spent on domestic affairs, including the budget and economic message he will submit to Congress in January.

There were hints supporting earlier speculation that the Administration would now be more receptive to the prescriptions of liberal economists for unemployment and inflation. Treasury Secretary David Kennedy had generally taken a conservative tack in fiscal affairs. In Boston last week, he sounded positively benign about the large amount of red ink that is accumulating for the current budget year. Now he talked about "the kind of deficit that will start us back to growth."

Herbert Stein, a member of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, stressed in Newport Beach, Calif., the importance

of keeping wage settlements at a reasonable level. The inflationary General Motors pact underscored that need (see BUSINESS). Then the Administration announced that it would investigate an increase in crude-oil prices scheduled by Gulf and Atlantic Richfield. The inquiry, together with Stein's statement, seemed to be at least a token move toward direct Government pressure to check wage and price rises.

Salable Reform. The key question of how much fuel the Government plans to put into the economy is linked to both the unemployment problem and Nixon's political stance. No matter how conciliatory a stance Nixon takes toward the liberals, he does not envision any new gush of spending for social programs. Rather, Nixon intends to renew his emphasis on reforming the federal role to make Washington's impact more effective.

The Department of Health, Education

and Welfare is attempting to revamp the family-assistance program in order to make welfare reform more salable in the Senate. There is now talk in HEW of designing some form of national health insurance as well. According to Agnew, the President's proposal for federal revenue sharing with the states will also be pushed. Nixon is unlikely to get much satisfaction from the lame-duck session of the 91st Congress convening this week. The members will be preoccupied with old but urgent business as well as internal politicking. Items:

- ▶ Seven appropriations bills are still pending, though the fiscal year is nearly half over.

- ▶ An effort will be made to override Nixon's veto of the bill limiting spending on political broadcasts.

- ▶ Maneuvering is likely to begin over the Republican Senate leadership; some conservatives want to replace Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott, and an open fight

Nixon v. Kennedy in '72?

MOST likely to succeed in winning the Democratic nomination in 1972? Edmund Muskie—everyone knows that. Everyone, that is, but the sole Republican contender. After scouting the opposition last week, Richard Nixon told his staff and most intimate political friends that he expects to run against Edward Kennedy.

Muskie, said the President, is "the George Romney of the Democratic Party." Romney seemed to be in a commanding position after the 1966 election, but faded even before the 1968 primary season was seriously under way. Nixon said that Muskie's candidacy, too, would not stand up under the extended attention of press and public. Hubert Humphrey, Nixon went on, simply cannot rise again for a rematch, though Nixon still

puts him in the top three. By the President's estimate, that leaves only Kennedy, who, Nixon thinks, will receive and accept the nomination.

As Nixon's prediction percolated through the White House, reaction was mixed. Some remembered that early in 1969, Nixon considered Kennedy nearly a sure thing. As was done with other potential rivals, a file was developed on Kennedy—material one might use against a political opponent. Mary Jo Kopechne's death fattened the file, but made it seem less relevant. The recollection of that initial approach made Nixon's recent remarks at least consistent. Another theory was less generous. Building Kennedy up at this stage could be a way of dividing the Democrats, who seem to have achieved a fragile unity after this month's elections.

could worsen the tension between G.O.P. factions. Edward Kennedy's re-election as assistant Democratic leader may be contested by Senator Robert Byrd, a West Virginia conservative.

► The trade bill, which some legislators want to expand into an omnibus of restrictive quotas, could evoke a lively scrap—and another veto.

Puckish Question. The foreign items on Nixon's post-election agenda present their share of problems. This week's National Security Council session will consider reducing U.S. troop strength in Europe. Recent uncertainties about Russian intentions complicate any cutback. Also, there is a feeling in Washington that the paring of Defense Department spending has gone about as far as prudence allows for the moment.

Charles de Gaulle's death took Nixon to Europe unexpectedly last week, bringing him face to face with Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny, the highest-ranking Russian that Nixon has met since taking office. At an Elysée Palace reception, they eyed each other from a distance, then met halfway as if by signal. Indira Gandhi puckishly asked: "Can a smaller country get in on a conversation before the big two countries make all the decisions?" In fact, Nixon and Podgorny were making strained small talk about Russian ballet rather than discussing the Middle East or nuclear-arms control. "My best wishes to you and your people," said Nixon in parting. Likewise, said Podgorny.

Nixon did have substantive discussions with President Georges Pompidou

and with Ambassador David Bruce, head of the U.S. delegation to the Paris peace talks. So far the Communists have failed to react favorably to Nixon's October proposals. Washington has given no signal of what new move, if any, it now plans concerning the bargaining. It would not be surprising if Nixon simply accelerates the withdrawal of American forces.

Back home, the President entertained Mexican President-elect Luis Echeverria. The two leaders and a small number of advisers lunched together at the White House and talked about inter-American affairs. They agreed that relations between the U.S. and Mexico "are the best they have been in the history of the two countries."

At the United Nations, Communist

And Now, the Spiro and Martha Show

With Spiro Agnew and Martha Mitchell on the same bill, last week's \$150-a-plate G.O.P. "Salute to the Vice President" in Washington's Sheraton Park Hotel promised lively political entertainment. TIME Correspondent John Austin, who attended along with 1,100 other guests, wrote this review:

THE tone of the evening hovered somewhere between shlock and slumber. The show got off to a nervous opening, with a somewhat tense local host introducing the master of ceremonies of the evening not once but twice as "Al Clap." Cartoonist Capp ignored that, launching into a brief monologue that included the evening's best one-liners: "Who would ever have thought you could elect a conservative from New York [Senator-elect James Buckley]? It used to be that you only admitted to being a conservative to your rabbi or priest or family doctor. Now it is legal to practice conservatism between consenting adults."

Then Capp turned things over to the night's real attraction, Martha, with the caveat: "World War I had its Sergeant York; World War II, George Patton. But we have a much more dangerous fighter in our battle with the left, and she is even sometimes dangerous to the other side."

The crowd was ready for a tour de force. Dressed in a green evening gown with matching coat, Martha went to the podium, issued a little squeal and began her monologue. Pausing, she whipped out a little red telephone, dialed and said: "Hello, is this United Press International? Hurry and get me Isabelle Hall [one of Mrs. Mitchell's telephone friends]. Isabelle? This is Martha. No, I'm not in a canoe. I'm at the Sheraton Park. I can't talk very loud because John is listening.

"I'm just about to introduce the Vice

President. They won't let me say but ten words, so what can I say? He's what? You bet he's cute! And . . . what is that? A peerless prince of positive patriotism? Let me write that down. Now I've got one for you—he is the most marvelous man Maryland ever mothered . . . Ladies and gentlemen, the Vice President of the United States." Through all of this, Attorney General John Mitchell sat on the dais with a small smile on his face.

Agnew acknowledged the introduction with the observation that Martha "must be making a lot of telephone calls—I understand Kosygin has asked for an unlisted number." Then the Vice President presented a reworked version of his pre-election speeches; this time instead of saying that the Republicans would win, he argued that they had won. After his serious remarks, he noted

that the dinner was renewed proof of his fund-raising talent, having raked in \$150,000. Said Agnew: "I am glad tonight to practice my Irish routine—the gathering of the green."

Kentucky Governor Louie Nunn presented the Vice President, the President (in absentia) and Mamie Eisenhower with samples of a "limited" edition of china bourbon decanters, shaped like elephants, from the Jim Beam people. The edition was so limited that only 197 other decanters were awarded to "lucky letter" holders in the audience. As the evening closed, Martha Mitchell seemed especially reluctant to relinquish the stage. For 40 minutes, as impatient waiters flicked the ballroom lights on and off and collected the centerpieces from the tables, Mrs. Mitchell stood on the podium signing autographs, repeating over and over, "I love it. I love it."

AGNEW, CAPP & MARTHA MITCHELL



China's entry is once more up for a vote. Washington still opposes Peking's admission, but last week the U.S. reformulated its position. At the General Assembly, U.S. Diplomat Christopher Phillips announced opposition to the expulsion of Taiwan, but did not take a stand explicitly against admitting Peking. He talked approvingly of increasing communication with the mainland regime.

The shift away from outright opposition to Red China was a concession to reality: Peking has steadily gained supporters in the U.N. The Nixon Administration's adjusted approach was another sign that it is willing to do business with China, provided that the price is within reason. As a Republican, Nixon can make such a move with fewer political risks at home than a liberal Democratic President would run. He holds the same advantage in domestic proposals like welfare reform. During the mid-term election campaign, Nixon chose to underplay his own program. That fight is over, and the next one will be waged directly on the presidential record; Nixon's public policy and his political needs looking toward 1972 now closely coincide.

WELFARE

The Spreading Dole

In Washington, they call it the "welfare syndrome." Largely because of the work of groups like the National Welfare Rights Organization, which now has chapters in all 50 states, the poor no longer feel that any stigma is attached to applying for welfare. Tens of thousands of persons who were once too timid or too ashamed to go on the dole are now rapping on the doors of their local welfare offices and demanding the payments they consider to be their right. Coupled with liberalized requirements and high unemployment, this has resulted, according to Department of Health, Education and Welfare figures, in a swelling of the welfare rolls to 12.7 million, a staggering 22% increase over last year.

Hardest hit have been states that in the past have been stingiest in dispensing relief payments. Texas, which last year raised its constitutional limit on welfare spending, experienced a 67% rise in the number of recipients last year; Indiana's welfare rolls grew 53%. New York, on the other hand, experienced a relatively small 12.4% increase in the same period, since its welfare program has long been one of the more generous in the U.S.

At all levels of government, the welfare explosion has led to budgetary crises. The U.S. Government finances 52% of all welfare payments, and has budgeted \$8.7 billion for fiscal 1971. Federal officials now expect that they will have to spend an additional \$1 billion, while state and local governments may have to spend another \$1 billion more than anticipated.

The High Cost of Democracy

THE men and women who went to the polls on Nov. 3 were wooed at a pitch and a price that surpassed any off-year election in history. The immense cost must seem too high in any rational ordering of America's priorities and resources. TIME correspondents across the U.S. and other election analysts estimate the total outlays for Senate, House and Governor races at \$200 million, only a part of which will ever be reported.

Exact figures will never be fully known. Seven states have no laws at all requiring political candidates to itemize the expenses of their campaigns.

the stakes are high in close races in heavily populated states, the costs can be far higher than average.

Spending in four representative states:

NEW YORK. Leading the Republican ticket, and the nation's big spenders, was New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Rockefeller, who faced no primary, spent between \$7,000,000 and \$10 million to win re-election to a fourth term. His Democratic opponent, Arthur Goldberg, spent \$2,000,000; Conservative Paul Adams ran on a miserly bankroll that totaled just \$50,000. With the Democratic primary expense of unsuccessful



OTTINGER (\$3,500,000)



REAGAN (\$2,400,000)



ROCKEFELLER (\$7,000,000+)

Wooing at an unsurpassed pitch.

Where laws exist, many statutes permit politicians to make superficial disclosures. Each candidate for the Senate and House is required by federal law to list funds received and spent "by him or by any person for him with his knowledge or consent." Taking pains not to have knowledge or give consent (by leaving fiscal matters to specially created committees) enables big spenders quite honestly to have nothing to report. Hidden costs—the loan of a secretary from a business executive, the use of a corporate plane, access to computers—are seldom disclosed.

Even so, some generalizations can be made about the price of office: the average cost in a House race is \$40,000 to \$70,000 for winner and loser alike. The battle for a Senate seat in a major state comes to an average \$1,500,000 per candidate. A would-be Governor in a populous state must be prepared to spend at least \$1,000,000 to win the statehouse. These huge sums, despite the traditional claim of politicians that every dollar came in crumpled bills from the man on the street, are raised from the wealthy few: it is estimated that 90% of political funds are donated by 1% of the population. When

Howard Samuels (\$1,000,000) added in, the Governor's chair in Albany this year bore a \$12-million price tag.

In the race for the Senate, Democrat Richard Ottinger, backed primarily by his mother, spent \$3,500,000; Republican Charles Goodell, who found himself cut off from some of the party's biggest contributors, invested \$1,000,000. Conservative James Buckley, the first third-party Senator elected in 30 years, spent \$1,500,000. Three unsuccessful contenders for the Democratic nomination increased the campaign inflation by \$234,000, bringing the total spent in the Senate race to over \$6,000,000.

WYOMING. Voters in sparsely populated (332,000) Wyoming elected one Senator, a Governor, and their single, at-large member of the House of Representatives this year. Though each candidate suspects his opponent of spending more than claimed, the campaigns for these offices came to perhaps \$2 for every person in the state, \$6 for each vote cast Nov. 3. Incumbent Senator Gale McGee spent \$150,000 (the Democrats say) to \$300,000 (the G.O.P. says) to retain his seat. His G.O.P. challenger, John S. Wold, aided by a fund-raising dinner that featured Vice President Spiro T. Agnew,

put \$150,000 to \$250,000 into his campaign. The gubernatorial race was cheap compared with other states: Democrat John Rooney, the loser, spent \$15,000; winning Republican Stanley Hathaway outspent Rooney by 100%—a total of \$30,000. Teno Roncalio sank \$29,000 into his successful race for the House, some of it in long-term loans; G.O.P. Candidate Harry Roberts spent \$50,000 (the G.O.P. says) to \$90,000 (the Democrats say). The total expenditure for campaigns that attracted less than 121,000 voters: from \$424,000 to \$714,000. **GEORGIA.** The Southern Strategy is expensive for both parties at election time. With the demise of the one-party sys-

tem have come party primaries and challenges to longtime incumbents that strain pocketbooks unaccustomed to opposition. There was no senatorial contest in Georgia, but candidates for Governor and the House spent more than \$5,000,000. The biggest spender was former Governor Carl Sanders, who invested \$2,000,000 in a losing race for the Democratic nomination. Democratic Governor-elect Jimmy Carter spent \$1,000,000. On the Republican side, the biggest spender also came up short on votes: James Bentley (\$900,000) lost the primary to a more tightfisted campaigner, Hal Suit, who spent \$300,000. House candidates for six contested seats

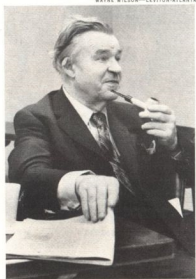
in the state spent nearly \$888,000. **CALIFORNIA.** More than \$12 million was consumed in electing California's Governor and congressional delegation. Governor Ronald Reagan spent a minimum of \$2,400,000 trying to increase his 1966 margin and carry Senator George Murphy in on his coattails. Murphy lost, but spent \$1,500,000 of his own war chest trying. It took John Tunney \$1,700,000 to unseat Murphy, while the unsuccessful Democratic gubernatorial nominee, Jess Unruh, was financed with \$1,100,000. Candidates vying for California's 38 House seats spent \$5,300,000 in both primaries and the general election.

Professor Gunnar Myrdal Returns to the South

WAYNE WILSON—LEVITON-ATLANTA

Twenty-six years ago, with the publication of *An American Dilemma: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy*, Swedish Social Scientist Gunnar Myrdal forced America's face to a mirror. The image, drawn with the most exhaustive research ever done into the lives of blacks in the U.S., was of shocking racism. It was tempered only by Myrdal's declaration of faith in a nation he admired—that Americans were fundamentally decent and moral, and would overcome racism by working toward their ideals.

Myrdal, now 71 but as active a scholar as ever, last week completed a brief series of college lectures in Georgia—his first visit to the South since his classic work appeared. He has watched the racial problem unfold from afar, he says, and does not pretend that "after ten days in Georgia I have got to the bottom of the South." But in an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Karsten Prager, Myrdal recorded his impressions of what was not a nostalgic return:



MYRDAL AT UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

THE South, as I knew it then, was a hell of a place. One cannot be nostalgic about that South, although that does not mean I did not meet good people then. Things are improving; things are changing much more rapidly than can be seen by the outsider who reads the newspapers. When '54 came [the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation], I knew that change would not come overnight. I foresaw the struggle you have had, but if anything, the development has gone faster than I anticipated, and it will continue. You forget to see how much you actually have changed by law.

The South, as I see it, is sometimes bad but sometimes better than the Yankee North. If Young [Andrew Young, a black who lost a congressional race in Atlanta] had been elected, there would have been many besides those who voted for him who would have been proud. "Look here," they would have said, "look what the South has done." I believe that many white Southerners who

do not like school desegregation would probably take me to a desegregated school and be proud of it. There's this thing of the *fait accompli*: once accepted, it seems to me, it is often accepted with pride. That is one of the reasons why the outsider cannot appreciate what has really happened.

I spent one day with my wife doing something that I could not have gotten from the literature: seeing the poverty program in action in a big city. What I saw was tremendously important. I visited a legal-aid agency—an implementation of one of the proposals I made 26 years ago—and I met an enthusiastic young lawyer there. His only trouble was that the program was too small.

This high-level university, the University of Georgia, for instance—in many ways an old-fashioned university—is desegregated, and in a sense more desegregated than universities in the North. There are no statistics kept here on black students, and separa-

tism is certainly not visibly the case.

We had separatism then, and we have it now. But I do not think it is wise from a policy point of view nor from a long term point of view. It plays too much into the hands of white reactionaries and those liberals who want cheap solutions—quick black studies programs, that sort of thing. Negroes should never forget that separate cannot be equal—Martin Luther King was so clear on this—that black and white must work together. That is what has to happen in the end.

I have been to some Northern universities and I have seen that separation beginning to take place—almost *apartheid*—blacks and whites not eating together, and so on. Separatism cannot be the end of the vision.

I am still basically optimistic about America. True, America is in a worse crisis than it was in the Civil War. Then why am I optimistic? I think I come back to America's Puritan tradition. The legacy of Puritanism is not entirely wholesome in this country. There is, for instance, a self-righteousness that makes us in the rest of the world angry. But one good thing in the legacy is the possibility of conversions. Take Reconstruction and the moving away from it, take Prohibition and abandoning it, take the example of Americans entering World War II as extreme isolationists and ending it as extreme interventionists. I know of no nation in the world that can change its fundamental attitudes so rapidly as America. And I have the feeling that conversions are possible in the racial crisis.

No historical development goes in a straight line. This is a down, a trough, and there will be an up. I have never been one of those who believed that your country would go fascist. It could not be at peace with its soul, with ideals that are more explicit in America than anywhere. There is still time, and there will be time if the right direction is laid down. And the right direction should be toward an equal society.

The Anguish of Blacks in Blue

UNTIL the spring of 1968, Renault Robinson was considered a model policeman. After four years on the Chicago force, he had a 97% efficiency rating and had won more than 50 citations for outstanding work. Then Robinson and seven other black policemen formed the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, an organization aimed at improving police service to the black community and at getting more blacks into policymaking positions in the department. Robinson has been suspended five times since; anonymous telephone callers have repeatedly threatened his life and those of his wife and three children. He is now up before the five-man civilian police board on charges ranging from sleeping on duty to insubordination, with a decision expected perhaps this week. Robinson believes firmly that he will be dismissed from the force.

Renault Robinson's case is an extreme example of the difficulties that confront black cops around the U.S. They often face the hostility of their white comrades-in-arms and the enmity of black militants, who consider them Uncle Toms, plus the indifference of other blacks who regard only white cops as "re-el police." Says Octave Richard, a black patrolman on Chicago's South Side: "We're in the middle."

James Smith, a black Omaha policeman, puts it this way: "The whites say we don't enforce the law, that we let everybody go. The blacks say we're just doing the white man's dirty work." Adds one veteran black policeman, now a federal official: "The black cop is being told to choose between the department and the black community. He is choosing the community." But the pattern is mixed. While many black cops feel they must fight for their black fellow citizens against what they often see as the incomprehension and aggression of white cops, they are also trying to develop new and healing approaches to ghetto problems of law and justice.

Obscene Captions. Black cops in many U.S. cities are now creating activist organizations of their own. The Afro-American Patrolmen's League claims 1,000 members, nearly half the blacks on the 13,000-man Chicago force, though one department spokesman says he has heard that the dues-paying cops in Robinson's group number no more than 50. In San Francisco, which has 1,800 policemen, all 85 of the blacks belong to Officers for Justice, founded two years ago to redress black grievances. Among them: the regular police organization refused legal aid to black cops charged with off-duty offenses, but hired Jake Ehrlich—a well-known California criminal lawyer—to defend a white cop accused of manslaughter. The Guardians, once only a social organization of black patrolmen, but now increasingly militant, have chapters in

many cities. In New York City, for example, they count 75% of the 2,400 black cops on a force of 32,000. The Chicago group has a store-front office on the city's South Side to help residents who have problems with the police. All the organizations defend black cops accused of violating departmental regulations and work at increasing black police recruiting.

The new black police activism has exacerbated an uneasy relationship between blacks and whites wearing blue. Renault Robinson's caricature, captioned with obscenities, adorns the bathroom walls of more than one Chicago station house. In Omaha last year, after Officer John Loder, son of Actress Hedy Lamarr, was accused of killing a 14-year-old black girl, white officers



RENAULT ROBINSON



AFRO-AMERICAN PATROLMEN'S LEAGUE OFFICE IN CHICAGO
Caught in the middle.

started a defense fund for Loder—while black police took up a collection for the girl's family. (Loder was acquitted.)

About 20 of Hartford's 57 black cops took part in a sick-out last year over assignment and promotion grievances. This summer, blacks and whites exchanged punches at the annual Fraternal Order of Police picnic in Pittsburgh. Black and white cops have drawn guns on one another in Washington, D.C. At a convention of the black National Council of Police Societies in Atlantic City this summer, the delegates agreed to try to prevent the killing of blacks by white policemen; if necessary, black cops would arrest white cops.

The Badge Is Enough. Many black policemen echo Renault Robinson's complaint in Chicago: "The police department is basically concerned with protecting white property, not the safety and well-being of black people." Often the accepted way for a black policeman to get ahead has been to accumulate a record of harsh treatment of his own people; there are countless tales of bru-

tal beatings of black suspects by black cops in dark alleys, paddy wagons and station-house cells.

The special hostility between black cops and black criminals is not hard to account for. In times past, says James Draper, a Cleveland narcotics detective, the black community respected a black policeman "because he was a symbol of someone who made it." Now, "generally, a black policeman doesn't boast about his occupation. The job is dangerous enough, and there are some elements—you may not know them immediately—that don't see color. The badge is enough." In Detroit last month in front of the headquarters of a group associated with the Black Panthers, one black patrolman, Glenn Edward Smith, was killed in a shootout, and another, Marshall Emerson, caught a bullet fragment in one hand. "Black people put us all in one bag now," says Emerson. "I'm not out there to be an oppressor, but to the community I'm just a pig." Chicago's Octave Richard insists that some blacks "are against authority and



CONFRONTATION IN NEW ORLEANS
Language is the biggest barrier.

against the police department, but I don't think they are against black policemen in general."

Traitors and Prostitutes. Inevitably the Panthers have complicated—as well as imperiled—the lives of black cops. Black undercover cops infiltrated the Panther organization in New York, leading to the arrest and current trial of 13 Panthers for conspiracy to bomb police stations and public buildings. To Leonard Weir, head of the National Society of Afro-American Policemen, such black cops are "traitors and prostitutes."

By no means do all blacks feel that way. Sergeant William Perry Sr. of the New York Guardians group says he would not encourage his members to do that kind of police intelligence work, "but we also won't hold it against them." He adds: "If a unit has to infiltrate the Panthers or the Young Lords, then perhaps the bosses ought to be black so that the attitudes are correct, so that you have control over what's going on." Assistant Chief Inspector Eldridge Waith, highest-ranking black officer on the New York force, suggests: "Infiltration by blacks can help because it sometimes makes for more objective police work."

Since much black crime is committed against other blacks, there is good reason why ghetto populations, instead of feeling hostile to black cops, should welcome more of them. Indeed, one of the major aims of the new militant black police organizations is to increase the numbers of black cops on duty in the ghetto. Blacks remain underrepresented in big-city police forces in the U.S. Some departments are working hard at increasing the proportion of blacks in their ranks. Washington's Chief Jerry Wilson, with a 73% black population in the city, has upped the number of black cops from 25% in 1968 to 35% today. Nowhere yet, though, is the percentage of black cops in U.S. cities proportionate to the local black population. In Pittsburgh, which is 22% black, 7% of the police are blacks. Detroit has a black population of more than 45%, but the police force is only 11% black.

Recruiting blacks to redress that im-

balance is not easy. Black youths are reluctant to join a force that many of their peers consider the enemy; some of those who do apply are ill-qualified by education or sometimes barred because of a criminal record. Inevitably, some blacks charge that a double standard is applied to applicants, making it tougher for blacks to join the force than whites.

The black cops' chief argument for a bigger role in ghetto law enforcement is that they can do it better—more fairly and more intelligently. Says Deputy Chief Inspector George Harge, top-ranking black cop in Detroit: "Language is the biggest barrier. White policemen find it hard to differentiate between riot language and horseplay language. Some black talk implies an imminent riot to whites, but to blacks it is a way of life. A rash decision by a patrolman based on language that he believes is offensive can precipitate instead of quash a riot." Leon Fisher, a black cop assigned to the juvenile bureau in St. Louis, is hopeful. "We are entering a new era,"

he says. "The image of this department is changing from the brutal sort of thing to a role of assistance. We are assisting people."

Los Angeles' Oscar Joel Bryant Association, named after a black policeman killed on duty, succeeded in obtaining the transfer of a captain and a community relations officer whom it demonstrated to be insensitive to the needs of Venice, a Los Angeles district populated largely by blacks, Chicanos and hippies. According to one Bryant Association organizer, Police Chief Edward Davis has been "amenable to many—I wouldn't say most—of our ideas."

Pull No Wool. Another encouraging development is the effective use of all-black or white-black "mod squad" patrols in the ghetto—as in New York and Detroit. But New York's Eldridge Waith was chastised by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association for allowing himself to be frisked when he entered a church held by the Puerto Rican Young Lords, though by doing so Waith managed to help defuse a potentially



WITH SUSPECT IN WASHINGTON



AT MELEE IN LOS ANGELES
Instead of the dope pusher.

dangerous situation. "We are not saying we are going to work with them," Waith notes, "but there's no doubt that in terms of the community there are areas where our goals are the same."

John Grimes, a young black, has spent nearly eight years as a New York City cop and is now a student at Harvard Law School. Says Grimes: "It's really a matter of communication." If black citizens "know where your heart is and that you really want to talk to them and not pull some wool over their eyes, then there's no problem." Grimes, who has written a master's thesis on "The Black Man and Law Enforcement," argues that assignment to black districts should be voluntary duty for the best-trained officers, who would get extra pay. "The black officer must be someone that black youth can look up to instead of looking up to the dope pusher," says Grimes. Ironically, last week Grimes resigned from the N.Y.P.D. after a dispute over his taking an extra leave of absence to attend law school.

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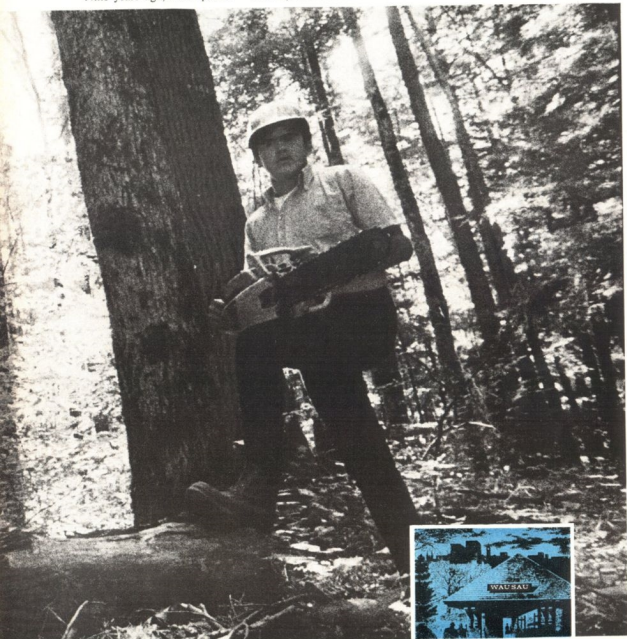
and gentle people gave up reservation status to become Wisconsin's 72nd county, the first Indian owned and operated county in the United States. Their own corporation, Menominee Enterprises (3270 Indian stockholders) is the county's largest business operation. There are many problems to be solved—but conservation is not one of them!

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Menominee County and Menominee Enterprises are unique concepts—something never before tried. "We will make it," reads the sign as you enter the county. We can help them. Because we do our job right for them in workmen's compensation and other business insurance, they can do their job right.

That's the Wausau Story.



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THE WORLD

A Glimpse of Glory, a Shiver of Grandeur

All my life, I have had a certain idea of France. The emotional side of me naturally imagines France as the princess of the fairy tales or the Madonna of the frescoes, as though dedicated to a lofty and exceptional destiny. In short, in my view, France cannot be France without grandeur.

HIS banner, emblazoned with the Cross of Lorraine, was drawn from the frescoes of history, and under it Charles de Gaulle waged a lifelong battle for the glory of France. Like the Christian crusaders who set out from medieval cathedrals, De Gaulle was on a journey that was both spiritual and temporal. He rescued his nation not once but twice—the first time from the shame of its capitulation to the Nazis in World War II, the second from its own quarreling factions. With the Fifth Republic, he gave France its first strong governmental framework since the days of Louis Napoleon. He was indeed "l'homme du destin," as Winston Churchill once called him, and even his name, suggestive of both Charlemagne and ancient Gaul, was perfectly suited to the role he took upon himself. When De Gaulle died last week, just 13 days before his 80th birthday, President Georges Pompidou summed up the crusade: "He gave France her governing institutions, her independence and her place in the world."

André Malraux, the writer and intellectual who served as De Gaulle's Minister of Culture, called him "a man of the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow." Like most crusaders, De Gaulle was extraordinarily farsighted but sometimes, maddeningly, he deliberately seemed to narrow his vision. From the day he proclaimed a French government in exile during World War II, his imperious manner and fragile sensibilities frequently infuriated his nation's closest allies. In a vain effort to force French leadership on Europe, he twice vetoed Britain's entry into the Continent's first economic cooperative, the Common Market. At home, he stunted on public welfare, in the form of new roads, telephones and a thousand other needed improvements, to pay for symbolically important but ultimately hollow shows of prestige like

the nuclear force de frappe. When his countrymen rejected him in 1969 by voting down some comparatively minor constitutional changes, he declared: "One must understand that the march toward and on the heights cannot last without some respite," and retreated to his country home. Never again did he return to Paris or make a public appearance.

In the end, both his nation and the world sensed the magnitude of their

history. *Le Monde* called it "a planetary mourning." Flags were lowered to half-mast not only in Paris but also in London and far-off Peking. Among thousands of condolence messages that reached Madame de Gaulle was one from China's Chairman, Mao Tse-tung, who also sent a funeral wreath.

For De Gaulle, who often described old age as a "shipwreck," it was a merciful end. He spent Monday, Nov. 9, as he had spent almost every other day since leaving office 18 months before. He took two strolls, one alone and one with his wife Yvonne, around his beloved nine-acre country estate, La Boissière (the woodland glade), in the tiny farming village of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, 120 miles southeast of Paris. At noon, he ate a robust lunch, topped off by one of his favorite cream pastries and his usual cup of extra-strong coffee. He chatted with a neighboring farmer, René Piot, about fencing an adjoining piece of land that he had recently purchased.

Much of his time was devoted to his memoirs. To the few visitors he received at Colombey, De Gaulle said: "I will finish three books, if God grants me life." *The Renewal*, Volume I of the projected three-volume *Memoirs of Hope*, appeared six weeks ahead of schedule in October, and immediately became the fastest seller in French publishing history. Last week De Gaulle was working on the third chapter of the second book, which was due to be published late next year. As usual, he dictated to his secretary from notes, frequently staring out the window at La Boissière's ancient trees while searching for details in his prodigious memory. In the late afternoon, he looked over the typewritten manuscript, editing heavily in a firm hand.

While waiting for the 7:45 p.m. television news, he played a game of



DE GAULLE GIVING VICTORY SALUTE (1968)
Touche de Charlemagne and ancient Gaul.

loss. At the tiny country churchyard where he was buried and along Paris' Champs-Élysées, hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen paid him homage. The world's dignitaries journeyed to Paris for a memorial service in greater numbers than for any other event in French

Foreign dignitaries assemble in front seats. First row, from right: Polish Council of State Chairman Marian Spychalski; President Nixon; Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg; Israeli President Zalman Shazar (partly hidden); Austrian President Franz Jonas; President Hamani Diori of Niger; President Léopold Sédar Senghor of Senegal; President Félix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast; President Philibert Tsiranana of the Malagasy Republic. Second row: Rumanian Vice President Emil Bodnăraș (behind Nixon); President Etienne Eyadéma of Togo; former President Hubert Maga of Dahomey; and, to the far left, beyond uniformed guards, the Prince of Wales and Crown Prince Harald of Norway.



BUCKLEY 5/24

White-robed choir and official mourners fill Notre Dame Cathedral at memorial service.



WATSON—GROSS 5/24



GAMMA

BRUNO BARRET—MAGNUM



An armored car, above, carries De Gaulle's flag-draped casket down a wooded lane near his home in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises to the funeral service. At right, the General is borne to his final resting place in the churchyard.

solitaire in the living room, then stood up to get the TV programming guide. Suddenly grimacing, he clutched his side. "What is the matter with me?" he cried aloud. Slumping on the couch, he whispered: "Yvonne, I hurt on my right side. Call a doctor." Madame de Gaulle ordered the servant to telephone for both a doctor and a priest. Abbé Claude Jauges, the De Gaulles' family priest, found the general in "great pain." While the last sacraments were being administered, De Gaulle sank into unconsciousness. Shortly after Dr. Guy Lacheney arrived, he was pronounced dead of a massive rupture of the aorta.

With glacial calm, Madame de Gaulle asked that news of the General's death be withheld "until I can notify my family." She quickly reached her daughter Elizabeth in Paris, who set out for Colombey with her husband General Alain de Boissieu. Son Philippe, a navy captain stationed in Brest, was more difficult to locate. As a result, Pompidou was not notified until 4 a.m., and it was not until 17½ hours after his mentor's death that he finally went on television. "General de Gaulle is dead," he said. "France is a widow."

The Last Effect

Nearly 19 years ago, De Gaulle had given Pompidou a sealed envelope to be opened after his death. Its contents proved to be an extraordinary last command. De Gaulle once wrote that "great leaders have always stage-managed their effects." Clearly, he was determined for his own last effect to be one of grandeur in sheer understatement. De Gaulle insisted on an "extremely simple" funeral, "without the slightest public ceremony." The gravestone, he directed, should read only CHARLES DE GAULLE, 1890-____. He was to be buried in the churchyard of Notre Dame de Colombey, next to his daughter Anne, who was born retarded and died in 1948 at the age of 20. He had always had a deep and very special love for his handicapped daughter. "He walked with her hand-in-hand around the property," re-



ED. CLARK



BLACK STAR

CONFERRING CROSS OF LORRAINE ON CHURCHILL

VISITING THE EISENHOWERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE (1960)



PAUL-BATCHE

ENTERTAINING THE KENNEDYS AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE (1961)



MEETING WITH ADENAUER

calls one Colombey resident, "caressing her and talking quietly about the things she understood."

Like Georges Clemenceau, who was buried with rites of spartan simplicity in the Vendée 41 years ago, De Gaulle sternly prohibited any trace of pomp. Wrote De Gaulle: "I want no national funeral. Neither President nor Ministers

nor Assembly committees nor public authorities." But, he added, "the men and women of France and of other countries may, if they wish, do my memory the honor of accompanying my body to its last resting place."

Those instructions left Pompidou with the uncomfortable job of tending the Presidents and Kings who genuinely wanted to honor De Gaulle. At an emergency Cabinet meeting, Pompidou decided on a memorial service, to be held on the same day as the funeral, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Few men could have drawn the historic parade of national leaders, including 63 present and former heads of state or government and princes, who walked down the 260-ft. main aisle of Notre Dame. President Nixon decided to fly to Paris almost as soon as he learned of De Gaulle's death: in a message to Pompidou, he noted that "greatness knows no national boundaries." Other mourners included Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, President Giuseppe Saragat of Italy, Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus and Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath.

There were six reigning monarchs: Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, the

WITH FRENCH TROOPS (ca. 1918)



BLACK STAR

WITH WIFE YVONNE IN LONDON (1940)



REUTERS

Shah of Iran, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, King Baudouin of Belgium, Prince Rainier of Monaco and Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg. Charles, Prince of Wales, was seated among other young royalty, including Norway's Crown Prince Harald and Sweden's Crown Prince Carl Gustav. From what was once French Africa came leaders and statesmen from 17 now independent nations, including Senegal's Léopold Sédar Senghor and the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny, who revered De Gaulle as the father of their freedom. Several faces from the past turned up, notably Israel's Elder Statesman David Ben-Gurion, former British Prime Ministers the Earl of Avon (Anthony Eden), Harold Macmillan and Harold Wilson, and former West German Chancellors Ludwig Erhard and Kurt-Georg Kiesinger. Seated among the 6,000 mourners in Notre Dame was Senator Edward Kennedy, who remembered De Gaulle's immediate decision to attend the presidential funeral of his brother John in 1963. In the north transept, easily recognizable despite dark glasses and a dark kerchief, was Marlene Dietrich. Notable absentees: any high-level members of the Nigerian government, which is still bitter over De Gaulle's support of the breakaway state of Biafra; and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau. It was impossible to know whether Trudeau, a staunch Canadian federalist, stayed away because he was still furious over De Gaulle's famous cry "*Vive la Québec libre!*" during a 1967 visit there, or simply too burdened by the emergency caused by separatist terrorism. The former seems probable.

Simplicity at Colombey

Within the cathedral, the dark clothes of the mourners contrasted with the brilliant red trimmings on the uniforms of the *Garde Républicaine*. A soft light from the huge circles of the rose windows was obscured by scores of arc lights for color-TV coverage. In the apse behind the choir hung an enormous ceiling-to-floor tricolor. When Pompidou and his wife entered, the white-robed cathedral choir began a chorale from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. Within an hour, the service ended with a *Magnificat*. The same anthem had closed the Notre Dame service in which De Gaulle offered a prayer of thanksgiving after his triumphant return to Paris in 1944.

At Colombey, De Gaulle's request for an "extremely simple" service was followed to the letter. Carpenter Louis Merger, 59, said that Madame de Gaulle "asked for the same kind of casket I make for everybody else. When I asked if she didn't want something military, she said '*Non.*'" Pointing to the extra-length (6 ft. 11 in.) oak coffin, lined with white quilt and trimmed with an aluminum cross, Merger added: "He was right. Who would need anything more?" Total cost: \$72, or \$9 more



than usual, because of the size.

In and around Colombey were thousands of cars, parked along roads and in fields. Nine special trains brought other mourners. All together, some 40,000 men and women—many of them carrying blankets and picnic baskets—converged on the small square outside Notre Dame de Colombey. The crowd was packed so tightly that those who fainted had to be passed overhead toward first-aid stations.

Promptly at 3 p.m., an armored reconnaissance car pulled into the church square, carrying De Gaulle's tricolor-draped casket. It was borne into the church by ten local young men, including a farmer, a cheesemaker and three college students. Inside, wearing a black veil, Madame de Gaulle took the second-row pew that she had shared with the General at countless 11:30 a.m. Sunday Masses over the years. She was flanked by Philippe, who at 48 bears a striking resemblance to the tall, angular brigadier general his father had been years ago. Around her were some 250 *compagnons* in the Order of the Liberation and a few officials from De Gaulle's reign, including Malraux and his last Premier, Maurice Couve de Murville. In addition, about 50 seats were filled with regular parishioners—men in shiny Sunday serge, women wearing simple peasant scarves. After the requiem Mass, the casket was carried the last few yards and lowered into the plot beside Anne's, which De Gaulle and his wife, who will also be buried there, visited every week. Each member of the family sprinkled holy water



CHARLES DE GAULLE CAMPAIGNING



THE MANY FACES OF DE GAULLE

"A man of the day before yesterday

from an aspergillum on the lowered casket.

Throughout the night and until week's end, a steady stream of mourners filed by the graveside, turning it instantly into a national shrine. Perhaps the most eloquent aftermath occurred in Paris. At the height of the evening rush hour, several hundred veterans of De Gaulle's Free French Army—wearing the faded red berets of the Spahis, a North African unit, and the moth-eaten blue caps of the colonial regiments that became the General's first followers—began marching up the Champs-Élysées toward l'Etoile. Though a drenching rain was falling and the chill November wind rustled in the chestnut trees, throngs of departing office workers and other passers-by joined the silent, stately procession. By the time it reached the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in what had been known as Place de l'Etoile but last week was rechristened Place Charles de Gaulle, the crowd numbered a quarter of a million people. There were businessmen and young army draftees, girls in maxicoats from the Left Bank and old women in black, factory workers



IN THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE



AS SEEN AT PRESIDENTIAL NEWS CONFERENCES
and the day after tomorrow."

and elegant matrons, and whole families walking under a single umbrella. They sang the *Marseillaise* and deposited mounds of wet flowers at the tomb. By the end of the parade, the mimosas and roses, carnations and violets had been piled five feet high, in the shape of a giant Cross of Lorraine.

Thucydides at Bedtime

That cross, symbol of Joan of Arc as well as De Gaulle's Free French forces, was a supremely appropriate final tribute to a man who had courted glory all his life. "Glory," he wrote in 1934, "gives herself only to those who have always dreamed of her." From childhood, De Gaulle cherished his own dream of glory for France as well as for himself. The son of a philosophy professor who taught in a Jesuit school, Charles developed an almost mystical association with his country.

As a young student, he was impressed by the teaching of Auguste Comte, whose positivism renounced flowery philosophical argumentation in favor of deductions based on observable facts. But he was also influenced by Nobel



Prizewinner Henri Bergson, who emphasized the importance of intuition; by the 17th century playwright Corneille, who said man's overriding duty was to place reason above emotion; and by the flowing richness of the language of Racine, Bossuet, Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand. In later life, he was a voracious and catholic reader, consuming everything from gardening books to German military tracts in the original. He considered Thucydides good bedtime reading.

De Gaulle chose the army as his profession and, when he entered Saint-Cyr, wrote on his copybook Hugo's maxim: "Concision in style, precision in thought, decision in life." At Saint-Cyr, De Gaulle's lean, 6-ft. 4-in. frame won him the nickname "Asparagus." Graduated 13th in a class of 212, he joined Colonel Philippe Pétain's 33rd Infantry. When World War I broke out two years later, De Gaulle, a company commander, was wounded three times. Near Verdun, he was struck by shell fire and captured by the Germans. The French at first thought he was dead. He made three unsuccessful escape attempts, finally submitted to captivity and began collecting material for his first major book, *Discord Among the Enemy*, which blamed imperial Germany's downfall on the army's refusal to obey civilian authority.

In 1921, De Gaulle married Yvonne Vendroux, whose family owned a biscuit company. After attending France's war college, De Gaulle was appointed Marshal Pétain's aide-de-camp. As France withdrew politically and militarily behind the supposedly impreg-

nable Maginot Line, De Gaulle protested against the purely defensive strategy that it epitomized. "Colonel Motor," as his critics called him, published a prescient book, *The Army of the Future*, in which he argued for a 100,000-man professional army built mainly around armored divisions.

De Gaulle's theories were vindicated in 1940 when Hitler's fast-rolling panzers outflanked the Maginot Line and knifed into France. Given command of a newly formed armored division, De Gaulle managed to inflict a setback on the invaders before he was appointed a junior Cabinet Minister. As France's military leaders contemplated surrender, De Gaulle escaped by Royal Air Force plane to London. On June 18, 1940, the day after Marshal Pétain announced that he was seeking an end to the fighting, Charles de Gaulle spoke to the people of France from London. "Has the last word been said?" he asked. "Is our defeat final and irremediable? To those questions, I answer no! Whatever happens, the flame of French resistance must not and shall not die."

De Gaulle had neither following, funds nor authority. The collaborationist Vichy regime condemned him to death as a traitor. No matter. He imperiously insisted that he was the acting chief of a great power and demanded an equal voice with the other Allied leaders. "I am too poor to bow," he told Churchill. De Gaulle's attitude rankled Franklin D. Roosevelt, who shared British Novelist H.G. Wells' opinion of him as "an utterly sincere megalomaniac." Churchill moaned that "of all the crosses I have had to bear, the Cross of Lorraine was the heaviest." By the time De Gaulle returned to France in the wake of the Allied invasion in June 1944, he was a national legend.

Political Comeback

Under De Gaulle's guidance, France began to set up the Fourth Republic and the old political parties reappeared. *Le Général* would not lower himself to join one. "De Gaulle is not on the left," he said. "Nor on the right. Nor in the center. He is above." As provisional Premier, De Gaulle became increasingly annoyed by the revival of the bickering that had paralyzed previous governments. He summoned his Ministers to a Sunday meeting in 1946 and turned up in full uniform. "You have espoused the quarrels of your various parties," he told them. "I disapprove of this, but unless I establish by force a dictatorship, which I don't want and which would no doubt end up badly, I haven't the means to prevent this experiment. Therefore, I must withdraw . . . If you fail, at least I shall remain intact." Brushing aside all discussion, he strode regally from the room.

The next year, De Gaulle attempted a political comeback by founding his own party, *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* (RPF), but it failed to gain sufficient strength to bring him to

power. In 1955, De Gaulle once more announced his retirement from public life. "I say farewell to you," he declared. "We shall not meet again until the tempest again loses itself on France."

By 1958, a tempest born in Algeria threatened to engulf France in civil war. French military leaders, stung by defeats in Indochina and feeling betrayed by the politicians, were determined to put down the Arab revolt even if they first had to seize Paris and install a new government. The army, joined by longtime French settlers in Algeria and powerful economic interests in France, clamored for the return of De Gaulle to power in the belief that he would hold on to the colony. As the condition for his return, De Gaulle demanded emergency powers, including

rule by decree in selected areas. De Gaulle's definition of the new system: "The Assemblies debate, the Ministers govern, the constitutional council thinks, the President of the Republic decides."

War-weary Frenchmen, fed up with continual government crises, were happy to let De Gaulle do the deciding. By an overwhelming margin, they approved the new constitution in a referendum and elected De Gaulle the first President of the new Fifth Republic. He quickly took firm control.

Against the Tide

Foreigners, including France's closest and oldest allies, soon discovered that a strong France was not going to be easy to live with. Postwar developments shaped a close alliance between the Con-

most precious of metals." He declared that the U.S. commitment to defend Europe against Soviet attack was meaningless, arguing that Washington would never risk Russian nuclear retaliation against American cities to save its allies. Finally, in 1966, he withdrew France from military participation in NATO but retained political membership in the Atlantic Alliance.

Though De Gaulle sought a system of economic and political cooperation in Europe, he balked at the development of the supranational agencies, which were essential to bring about such cooperation. To De Gaulle, the only legitimate political entity was the nation-state. The Common Market, the European Coal and Steel Community, and Europe's other international agencies

IVES RANCIEZ



CROWDS MARCHING AT PLACE CHARLES DE GAULLE (FORMERLY PLACE DE L'ETOILE)
A lifelong crusade under a banner emblazoned with the Cross of Lorraine.

the right to rule by decree for six months. Four days after the National Assembly acquiesced, he flew to Algiers and told a cheering French crowd, "I have understood you."

He understood them, but he did not heed them. He had long been convinced that France must free itself of the burden of colonial possessions. As early as 1934, he had written: "What real and lasting profit can be had by such annexations?" Turning first to France's twelve Black African colonies, he offered them immediate independence and the possibility of a voluntary economic association with France. Then De Gaulle cracked down on the rebellious French military and made peace with Algerian rebels.

In September 1958, De Gaulle made another major move, submitting a new constitution to the French people. It changed the country from a parliamentary system to a presidential one, granting the chief executive the right to dissolve the National Assembly and to

tinent and the U.S., but De Gaulle wanted to organize a "Europe of fatherlands" that would look East as well as West, and would implausibly stretch from the Atlantic to the Urals. He wanted a Europe free of domination by either the U.S. or the Soviet Union, a third force that could arbitrate, if need be, between the two opposing blocs.

Because of the force of De Gaulle's imposing personality and keen insight, France came to wield disproportionate power (in 1959, it had a medium-size population of 47 million and a G.N.P. of \$48.6 billion). He recognized earlier than most that the nuclear standoff between the U.S. and Russia afforded other countries considerable room for maneuver. While enjoying the protection of the U.S. nuclear umbrella, he attacked American economic penetration of Europe, and unsuccessfully sought to undermine American business expansion by trying to persuade other countries to reject the dollar in favor of a return to the gold standard—"that

were repugnant because they adulterated the essence of national identity. His stand against European unity may well have cost him the opportunity to be Europe's first President.

He did move, however, to erase the old enmity between French and Germans. Though De Gaulle was raised on his father's stories of his wounds and France's disgrace in the Franco-Prussian War, *le Général* had a profound respect for the abilities of the Germans. On a visit to the Soviet Union in 1945, De Gaulle stopped off to see the battlefield at Stalingrad. For a long time, he stood mute before the incredible destruction. Molotov waited for his comment. Finally it came. "*Un grand peuple*," De Gaulle said solemnly. "*Un grand peuple—les allemands*."

De Gaulle regarded London's application to join the Common Market as a Trojan horse that would give the U.S. an entrée to Europe—"the American hand in the British glove," he called it. As a result, he vetoed Britain's

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application in 1963, setting back the rest of Europe's then bright dreams of eventual political federation.

Despite his conservative attitude toward the concept of Europe, De Gaulle pursued venturesome policies elsewhere. In 1964, France became the first Western power since the Korean War to extend recognition to Peking. He became the first Western statesman who actively sought to build ties with the East Bloc and to overcome the rigidities of the cold war. He proposed a gradual easing of tension by a process he described as *détente*, *entente*, *coopération*. He recognized the Oder-Neisse line as Poland's western border and urged Bonn to do the same. He also urged international acceptance of East Germany. The basic outlines of Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* were traced several years earlier by De Gaulle. In the Middle East, De Gaulle dropped his support of Israel following the 1967 war. Then, after reprimanding the Jews as an "elite, domineering people," he made overtures to the Arabs that were intended, his apologists maintain, to retain Western influence in an area that had only Russia as an alternative.

Always, De Gaulle depicted himself according to the stern precepts of leadership he laid down in 1934 in a small book called *The Edge of the Sword*. "Nothing demonstrates authority better than silence," he wrote. "There can be no prestige without mystery, for we have little reverence for that which we know too well." De Gaulle rarely granted private press interviews and seldom appeared in public. At his press conferences, held about every six months, 1,000 or so journalists would sit on frail gilded chairs in an ornate reception hall in the Elysée as De Gaulle answered the questions that suited him and invariably passed over the others.

His bulky form made him a tempting target for assassination, and the dihard Secret Army Organization, which despised him for giving up Algeria, was gunning for him. In all, there were at least ten plots and two actual attempts to kill him. Once, on a road near Paris, his black presidential Citroën was riddled with bullets. But De Gaulle and his wife remained sitting erect in the back seat, refusing even to duck. After all, he once wrote: "Adversity attracts the man of character. . . . He seeks out the bitter joy of responsibility."

If De Gaulle's speech was stately and oracular in public, it was often earthy in conversations with friends. Like Lenin, he seems to have com-

mented on everything and everybody. On John F. Kennedy: "[a President] with the style of a hairdresser's assistant—he combed his way through problems." On Jackie Kennedy, after John Kennedy's death: "She'll end up on an oilman's yacht." On Harry Truman: "a merchant." On Richard Nixon, 1963: "This man has a great future in store for him."

When De Gaulle was out of power, he liked to describe the continual shifts of Ministers in the Fourth Republic's Cabinets by saying, "*Chose, machin, chouette* [thingamabob, thingamajig, whosit] are being replaced by *chouette, machin, chose*." He often referred to members of the National Assembly as *pisse froid* or *pisse vinaigre*. In private,

certain of the army's support, finally rallied his country. After a ringing speech ("I shall not withdraw. I have a mandate from the people"), a million Frenchmen marched down the Champs-Élysées in support of De Gaulle.

The following year, De Gaulle chose to turn a referendum on the establishment of regional governments (a relatively popular issue) and the downgrading of the Senate (an unpopular one) into a vote of confidence on his presidency. As the returns showed that the trend was running irreversibly against him, De Gaulle sent a two-sentence message to Paris from Colombey: "I am ceasing to exercise my functions as President of the Republic. This decision takes effect at noon today."

Though the dimensions of De Gaulle's place in French history are already evident, years must pass before a conclusion can be reached on such questions as whether Europe was actually better served by keeping Britain out in the cold a while longer. Harvard Political Scientist Stanley Hoffmann, for one, believes that if utopian federalists had managed to achieve some sort of European unity ten or 15 years ago, it would have been "a merger of confused peoples not knowing what they were doing. The kind of Western Europe that is emerging now is a very pragmatic Europe, cooperating step by step in areas where they are indeed highly interdependent. This is what De Gaulle had in mind." But others point out that De Gaulle's "no" killed a certain spirit, born of the war and the Communist takeovers in Eastern Europe, that provided a supranational impulse toward rapid federation.

Whatever the historical judgment on his leadership, De Gaulle demonstrated the importance of those great intangibles in the calculus of power—moral force, will, style, vision. To many men, these are only words; they were realities to De Gaulle, realities that the world often distrusts and yet yearns for more than ever today. These qualities, as much as any specific accomplishments, will make his figure endure, just as the memory of another great—and even more controversial—Frenchman has survived through the years. As a young man, Charles de Gaulle composed a tribute to Napoleon Bonaparte that could serve as his own epitaph: "In spite of the time that has gone by, of opposing sentiments and new subjects for mourning, crowds from every part of the world render homage to his memory and near his grave abandon themselves to a shiver of grandeur."



DE GAULLE & WIFE AT DAUGHTER'S GRAVE (1969)
Restoration of pride.

he often called France "*vacharde*"—inert or uninspired. The fact was that France offered De Gaulle too limited a scope and power base. Try as he might, he could not change the basic reality that France simply lacked the specific gravity to offset the force of a superpower.

De Gaulle's narrow victory in the 1965 presidential election should have warned him that his popularity was not boundless. He shrugged off the growing disorders in early spring of 1968 to fly off for a chat with Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu. While he was being feted in Bucharest, much of France erupted in chaos, as students battled police and striking workers seized plants. Shaken, De Gaulle returned and, after making

Middle East: A Secret Rendezvous

DAUSK had just descended on the flat, lonely Arava wilderness north of Elath when the two convoys of cars approached each other at a border point where Israel and Jordan meet. Precariously arranged signals were flashed, and the convoy from Jordan sped into Israel. Some of the Jordanians joined the Israeli convoy, which moved to a secluded spot. For 90 minutes, Jordan's King Hussein and Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon carried on an undisturbed conversation in an air-conditioned car. Israeli security men maintained a lookout, and Israeli army units near by went on the alert, without being told why.

The meeting was the latest of ten or so that have been held since September 1968, when Hussein met Allon and Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban in London. The King has conferred at least once during that period with Israel's Premier Golda Meir.

Stronger Throne. During the parley, Hussein and Allon conversed in Arabic and English. The opening topic was peace. In the past few weeks, Israel has held a cursory discussion with United Nations Mediator Gunnar Jarring. Allon asked the King whether Jordan might be interested in carrying on peace talks with Israel, either through Jarring or directly. Hussein acknowledged that conditions have changed since the death of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, and that his throne is stronger as a result of Jordan's civil war. But he held that the time was not ripe for unilateral discussions. Even so, one result of the border meeting is that broader negotiations with representatives of other Arab states can be expected to follow.

Turning to the question of the guerrillas, the two leaders agreed that the fedayeen were a nuisance to both coun-

tries and that coordination was necessary to neutralize them. The King received promises of Israeli help.

Hussein and Allon also agreed to expand economic relations. At the same time, however, Hussein protested that Mrs. Meir was undercutting him by observing during her latest U.S. visit that Palestinian statehood was only a question of redrawing Jordan's boundaries. The King was prepared to grant Palestinian autonomy of a sort, he said, but under his rule, and not as the nucleus of an independent Palestinian state.

Seeking the Mantle. On that note of amiability the meeting ended. Both sides kept the discussion secret, but Israel was particularly sensitive. Mrs. Meir's government has publicly insisted that it will not talk with the U.N.'s Jarring until Egypt removes its newly emplaced Soviet-built missiles from the Suez Canal Zone. Israel's Cabinet was started, therefore, when an opposition member said in the Knesset last week that he had heard about the Hussein-Allon talks and demanded to know why Israel's parliament had not been briefed on them. His question was erased from parliamentary records, and censors refused to let newsmen report it.

There was speculation that the question had been planted by supporters of Defense Minister Moshe Dayan. With key Labor Party elections set for mid-December, Dayan is locked in an increasingly bitter battle with Allon, Eban and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, the party's kingmaker, over who should be designated heir apparent to Mrs. Meir. 72. Dayan wants the mantle; so does Allon, an Oxford-educated Kibbutznik who was a military hero (in the 1948 War of Independence) before he shifted from the army to politics.



DEFENSE MINISTER DAYAN
Cross words over the Premier's phone.

To make himself more acceptable to party moderates and to demonstrate independence, Dayan is striving to change his hawkish image. In recent months, for example, he has proposed that both Israel and Egypt pull back 13 miles from their Suez Canal fortifications so that the canal can be reopened. Two weeks ago, at a Labor Party meeting in Haifa, Dayan also suggested that Israel reopen the Jarring talks in earnest. To end the Arab conflict, he said, "we must plunge into some very cold water, because we are not interested in continuing the war."

Furious, Mrs. Meir telephoned Dayan and reminded him that her government was still publicly opposed to talks because of Egyptian and Soviet missile movements near Suez, and that the U.S. was increasing its arms shipments to Israel to counterbalance those movements. In fact, both the U.S. and Israel have quietly decided that "rectification," or rollback, of the missiles is a dead issue. Even so, when Dayan told Golda that he had been misquoted, the Premier hung up on him.

After that conversation, articles critical of Dayan began to appear in major Israeli newspapers last week. They were almost certainly inspired by anti-Dayan leaders of the Labor Party. Dayan's enemies are not all congregated in the Labor hierarchy. Earlier, the magazine *Ha'olam Hazei* (This World) had published a highly suspicious story claiming to document an attempt to recruit the Defense Minister into the CIA in 1959, when he was a private citizen. The magazine reproduced a letter, purported to be from the Pentagon to a U.S. military attaché in Tel Aviv, which ordered him to arrange Dayan's enlistment with the local CIA station chief. In the same issue of *Ha'olam Hazei* was another story, which took laudatory note of Allon's "heavy work schedule."



ISRAELI HOST ALLON



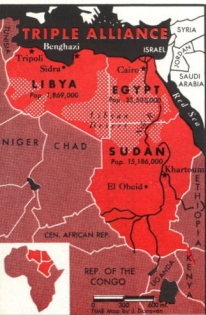
JORDANIAN VISITOR HUSSEIN

Amiable exchange in an air-conditioned car.

Eglibdan? Sudeglib? Or Libdangypt?

For a dozen years, Egypt's late President Gamal Abdel Nasser tried repeatedly to achieve some sort of Arab unity. He failed every time. In 1958, he forged a union with Syria and Iraq that endured for three contention-ridden years and is commemorated only by Egypt's continuing official designation as the United Arab Republic. At the same time he conceived of a looser association between Egypt and Yemen, but the plan got nowhere. Nasser's most realistic attempt, dreamed up a year ago, involved Egypt and its revolutionary neighbors, Libya and Sudan. In Cairo last week, rulers of the three countries met to see how much farther they could carry the idea.

Instant Power. Last December, when Nasser traveled to Khartoum and Tripoli to promote the three-way federation, he was met by frantic crowds screaming:



"One people, one people, one people!" Until his death, Nasser met regularly with Sudanese Leader Jaafar Numeiry and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi. At last week's meeting, Numeiry, Gaddafi and Nasser's successor, Anwar Sadat, produced a communiqué pledging to seek eventual political federation. To this end, they set up a "Tripartite Political Command."

If the three countries ever did unite—an enormous if—the resulting North African nation would become a power to be reckoned with. It would be the world's 15th largest nation in population (50.5 million) and seventh in size (2,033,000 sq. mi.). Economically, it would have a solid base in Libya's \$1 billion-a-year oil industry, Sudan's considerable agricultural potential and Egypt's manpower reserves. Militarily, the union could provide additional manpower and protected

defensive positions in any new war with Israel.

Under present conditions, the West would be leary of this federation. The newer revolutionary governments of Libya and Sudan are more belligerent than the often embattled Egyptians. Gaddafi is particularly bellicose, not only toward Israel, but toward conservative Arab governments as well.

Second Thoughts. Gaddafi might goad the triumvirate into trouble. He has already ordered 110 French Mirage jets—and intimated that they might be turned over to Egypt. The French, who included a clause forbidding third-party use of the planes, are consequently beginning to drop hints of non-delivery. The Soviets, however, have already provided MIGs for Sudan and may well move in if the French renege.

Britain, too, is having second thoughts about the proposed sale of 188 Centurion tanks to Libya. British public opinion, already roiled by the prospect of a resumption of sales to South Africa, would strongly condemn the deployment of Centurions against Israel. But once again, Moscow may take up the slack if the British kill the sale.

The federation plan has already had a noticeable impact on other Arab states. Algeria, loath to see a huge new power rise on its eastern border, will court Libya next month, when President Houari Boumedienne visits Tripoli.

Syria, as a result of a coup in Damascus last week, may seek to join the new federation despite its geographic separation from the three other members. Defense Minister Hafez Assad, 40, staged the coup by quietly dispatching his intelligence agents to arrest President Noureddine Atassi and General Salah Jadid, who had been the strongman of Syria's extremist Baathist party. The more moderate Assad, who apparently moved to get Jadid before Jadid could get him, had been ordered to resign as Defense Minister by the Baathist congress. If he can keep control of the government, Assad might not only cooperate with the Cairo government, which the radical Baathists dislike, but might also amend Syria's adamant stance against peace with Israel.

Just Foreigners. For the moment, the other Arab states and the West as well can enjoy the luxury of skepticism about the federation. The obstacles in the way of the union are numerous. Both Numeiry and Gaddafi realize that an Egyptian President, whoever he is, would always dominate the alliance. Sudan fears that Cairo will dump its excess population on the spacious land.

Libya is already subsidizing Egypt out of oil incomes at a rate of \$55 million annually, and Cairo is hungry for more. Libyans have been heard to murmur, moreover, that the Egyptian technicians sent to Tripoli last year are "just foreigners—as bad as the Italians, the British or the Americans." In view of such feelings, the will-o'-the-wisp of Arab unity may prove as elusive as ever.

The Champagne Spy

Egyptian generals and Cabinet members in the early 1960s knew Wolfgang Lotz as a wealthy German horse breeder with an engaging habit of sending champagne and other lavish gifts to well-placed friends. They thought of him as an ex-Wehrmacht captain in Rommel's Afrika Korps who later made a fortune in Australia. Some whispered that he was actually a former lieutenant colonel in Hitler's dread SS who had joined Egyptian intelligence.

To the astonishment of his Egyptian friends, the rusty-haired Lotz was disclosed in 1965 to be an Israeli spy. Lotz's explanation was persuasive enough to save his life. He joined the Israelis, he said, because they had threatened to reveal his Nazi past to the Bonn authorities. Besides, there was the convincing detail that he was uncircumcised. The court let him off



WOLFGANG LOTZ
High exchange rate.

with a 25-year sentence, and only three years later Lotz and his German wife Waldrud were turned over to the Israelis in an exchange of prisoners. Along with nine Israeli captives, the Lotzes were swapped for more than 4,000 Egyptian prisoners, including nine generals.

Last week Israeli officials allowed the full extent of Lotz's subterfuge to be revealed by official sources for the first time. Far from being an ex-Nazi soldier, Lotz was a Jew, an Israeli citizen and an officer of Israel's army. He was born in Germany in 1921, to be sure, but emigrated to Palestine with his Jewish mother in 1933. He later spent seven years in the British army (including four in Egypt, where he learned fluent Arabic). He served in the Sinai

campaign of 1956 as the commander of an Israeli infantry company.

Radio in a Boot. In 1960, Lotz turned up in West Berlin, where he applied for and received West German citizenship. A year later, he arrived in Egypt, set up a riding school and horse farm, and began impressing important people by giving away tape recorders and cameras, refrigerators and washing machines.

Through his new friends in the Gezira Sporting Club, Lotz was able to set up a stable in the Abassye Garrison and get a permanent pass to the camp. Later he trained his horses at a practice race track beside the armor depot near Heliopolis. All the while, he was relaying his gleanings back to Israel on a tiny transmitter he kept in a riding boot. Through German friends, he established that Egyptian rockets were not an immediate menace because their guidance systems were unreliable. He also learned that the Egyptians' HA-300 jet interceptor—a great worry to the Israelis at the time—was a dud.

Lotz's greatest accomplishment was his verification that the Shaloufa rocket site, near Great Bitter Lake on the Suez Canal, was a genuine base and not a dummy. Posing as tourists on a fishing trip, the Lotzes drove toward the camp and managed to get themselves arrested. "I was afraid they would simply

send us away," says Lotz. "Fortunately, they took us straight into the base." Once there, Lotz talked the commandant into calling his old friend Brigadier General Fuad Osman, a highly placed Egyptian intelligence officer. The conversation, as Lotz recalls it:

Osman: Rusty, do you want to rot in jail, or will you pay up with a bottle of champagne?

Lotz: Egyptian or French?

Osman: Now don't act like a Jew. French champagne, of course.

As Lotz entered a party a few days later, the brigadier shouted: "Here comes the Israeli spy who tried to get into our rocket base." Everyone laughed, including Lotz. He had already reported to his Israeli colleagues—who still refer to him as "the champagne spy"—that the Shaloufa base was being made ready for Soviet missiles.

In 1965 the Egyptians rounded up a number of West Germans as a precautionary measure before a visit by East German Boss Walter Ulbricht. When the police searched Lotz's home, they discovered that he had been spying for the Israelis. Since the 1968 prisoner exchange, Lotz has lived modestly in Tel Aviv as an Israeli air force major. He has grown paunchy despite his daily riding, and sometimes admits that he misses the high life in Cairo.

SOVIET UNION

A Voice Silenced, A Voice Raised

"When I was writing my books," Andrei Amalric said last February, "I realized I was risking prison." Risk became reality last week. In Sverdlovsk, 850 miles from Amalric's home in Moscow and well out of bounds to nosy Western correspondents, the Russian social critic, 32, was sentenced to three years at hard labor for having "distributed fabrications defaming the Soviet state." Among his "fabrications" were two books published only in the West: *Involuntary Journey to Siberia*, an account of the 18 months he served in exile, and *Will The Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*, a grim, apocalyptic view of Russia's future (TIME, Dec. 19).

Even though the trial was deliberately held far away in the Ural Mountains, details leaked out. It was learned that Amalric, frail and hollow-checked, had pleaded not guilty and declared the trial illegal in a one-hour statement to the court. Amalric's friends fear he may not survive his harsh sentence, for he suffers from heart disease. His wife Gillesse, in a statement given to Western correspondents, said: "I know that my

A Dictionary Headed For die Bestsellerliste

THE traveler leaving his plane at Munich airport may well wonder what country he is visiting. A helpful *Groundhostess* will guide den *Globetrotter* to einem *Duty Free Shop*, where he can use den *Travelerscheck*. His wife will learn of a nearby *Beautyfarm*, where das *Glamourgirl* can enjoy das *Bodybuilding* or ein *Facelift*. On her way back, she will be able to do some one-stop-shopping in dem *Basementstore* or in dem *Supermarket*. While she is occupied, her husband, if he happens to be ein *Playboy* or ein *Ladykiller*, may have einen *Long-drink Extra Dry* and chase eine *Sexbombe*.

In France, the late Charles de Gaulle made every effort to rid the language of *franglais* expressions, with only mixed success. The Germans are hesitant to embark on a similar campaign of linguistic purification. One reason is that Hitler tried to purge German of all non-Teutonic expressions, and an attempt today might smack of Nazism.

The result is that German has become peppered with what might be called *deutschlich* words and phrases. Many of the hybrid words come from the aeronautic or computer fields, but many more are general terms like die *Eskalation*, die *Antibabypille*, der *Selbstmademan* and der *Allroundman*.

At eine *Cocktailparty* in Munich two years ago, a bookseller complained about the prevalence of Americanisms to Fritz Neske, an author, and his wife Ingeborg, a linguist. The Neskes decided to catalogue the terms that had become common. Their recently published



DIE SEXBOMBE

Dictionary of English and American Expressions in German (Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 314 pages; \$1.85) contains 3,000 of them. Sales of the dictionary have been brisk, even though it has not yet made die *Bestsellerliste*.

As the Neskes' book attempts to explain Americanisms to Germans, a forthcoming 50-page handbook put out by Bristol's Abson Press will try to make Britishisms comprehensible to Americans, and Americanisms to Britons. The glossary, which has more than 200 Americanisms, advises the newly arrived American housewife that when she goes shopping for diapers, a baby carriage, a flashlight and a vacuum cleaner, she should ask for nappies, a pram, a torch and a Hoover. The housewife will find that while there are no eggplants or zucchinis in the food stores, aubergines and courgettes taste exactly like them. If she finds it all too baffling and wants to return home, no moving van will pull up to her front door, but a pan-technician will.



DIE ESKALATION



DAS BODYBUILDING

**THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CALL US
SUPER RUM.
NOT BECAUSE WE'RE MIGHTIER.
WE JUST MAKE A DAIQUIRI TASTE
BETTER THAN IT HAS ANY RIGHT TO.
RONRICO. SUPER RUM.**






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A matter of inches.

Our new 360 V-8 is ten cubic inches bigger than the engines on Buick and Olds.

More important, especially in a car this size, our engine comes through with more horsepower.

All on regular gas.

A difference of opinion.

LeSabre and Delta come with coil spring suspension systems. The Royal uses torsion bars.

They'll tell you coil springs are better. We'll tell you torsion bars are.

Who's right?

Well, we urge you to try them both and make up your own mind.

It is interesting to note, however, that GM does use torsion bars on two models: the most expensive Cadillac, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

Now are we coming through?

Built and engineered with extra care.

The Royal body is a single solid unit. Unitized with over 5000 individual welds.

The competition uses bolts to mate the body to the frame.

On a test drive, you probably wouldn't notice any difference. But the differences are there.

Our Unibody is stronger for one thing. It also stays tighter longer. So there is less chance of welds and seams opening up and forming rust pockets.

Another thing to remember is that Royal has no body bolts to work free and rattle after, say, a year or so of driving.

Chrysler-Plymouth comes through for you...

Coming Through is not a slogan with us. It is a way of life. We build and engineer our cars with extra care.

We test and inspect them against the most rigorous standards. We are committed to delivering cars to you with more exacting quality and enduring value than ever before.

And that's why Chrysler-Plymouth is Coming Through For You.

A car for people ready to move up.

Chrysler Royal. An introduction to Chrysler luxury and quality.

Coming through at a price you can afford.

That's our offer.
Welcome to Chrysler.



**Coming
Through.**

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price for standard Chrysler Royal. Price excludes state and local taxes, destination charges.

husband is strong in spirit and that neither the indictment nor the sentence can break him spiritually. But I also know how weak his health is. I fear for him."

Suffering for Truth. On the day of Amalric's trial in Sverdlovsk, the voice of another brave and gifted Russian was heard in Moscow. In a 1,000-word open letter, the world-renowned cellist Mstislav Rostropovich asked: "Is it really possible that the past has not taught us to be careful not to crush talented people—or anyone for that matter?" Rostropovich continued: "Every man should have the right to think and express himself independently, and without fear, about the things he knows, believes personally and has lived through." The cellist was speaking of his beleaguered friend Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whom he has been harboring in his dacha near Moscow while a vitriolic press campaign rages against him.

Evidently fearing that Solzhenitsyn will be prevented from journeying to Stockholm on Dec. 10 to accept his Nobel Prize, Rostropovich ridiculed the Kremlin's wildly fluctuating attitudes toward the award. He noted that when it was given to Boris Pasternak in 1958, and to Solzhenitsyn this year, it was regarded as "a dirty political game." But when Stalinist Novelist Mikhail Sholokhov was honored in 1965, it was seen as "a just recognition of the world significance of our literature." About Solzhenitsyn's banned novels, Rostropovich said: "He has suffered for the right to write the truth as he sees it."

Rostropovich's letter, now circulating from hand to hand in Russia, was addressed to four major Soviet newspapers. All refused to print it. By writing and distributing it, in fact, the cellist risked being forbidden to perform.

EAST-WEST

The Long Detour

As the small U.S. Army Beechcraft U-8 hopped in and out of broken clouds one day last month, the four men aboard caught sight of the railroad tracks and the grassy airstrip that were supposed to mark their destination: the town of Kars in eastern Turkey, 20 miles from the Soviet border. They put down, but as they taxied toward the terminal, the men spotted what looked startlingly like a red star on a nearby helicopter. "It must be a Turkish red crescent," muttered Major General Edward C.D. Scherrer, 57, head of the U.S. military aid mission in Turkey and one of two American generals on board.

Seconds later, a Soviet army vehicle roared up to their plane. Scherrer and his companions suddenly realized the extent of their error. They had landed at Leninakan, 20 miles inside Soviet Armenia.

Last week, 20 days later, the Soviets finally released the four men after ballooning the incident into an unpleasant cold war quarrel. No deal was made for

the return of the officers. After Moscow's announcement that the four would be released, however, the Turkish government agreed to hand over the pilot and one passenger of a small Russian plane that had been hijacked late last month. Even so, the two students who took over the plane remained in Turkish custody, as did the Lithuanian father and son who forced the crew of an Aeroflot plane to land in Turkey in October and who killed a stewardess in the process.

The Soviet release of the U.S. generals brought an end to the incident but hardly to the mystery of their capture. According to Scherrer, the plane had simply got lost in bad weather and then followed what seemed to be the Erzurum-Kars rail line. Turkish military observers had a different line of specula-



SCHERRER & McQUARRIE (LEFT) IN TURKEY
Also 20 hours of questioning.

tion. They said that the generals had taken a detour to catch a glimpse of the heavily guarded Russian border near the picturesque Turkish town of Ani, the ancient walled capital of Armenia. Emerging from a cloud bank, they picked up the Leninakan radio beacon—which just happened to be set on precisely the same frequency as the beacon that normally comes from the Kars radio tower. Whether the Soviets deliberately lured the plane off course is uncertain, but the U.S. is convinced that it has happened before along the Soviet-Turkish border.

After their landing, the four men were taken to a VIP villa. Scherrer and his deputy for ground forces, Brigadier General Claude M. McQuarrie Jr.—both of whom are privy to U.S., NATO and Turkish military secrets—were questioned for a total of about 20 hours. Scherrer's inquisitor was a KGB colonel sent from Moscow. "I had to tell him several times he was being disrespectful and trying to put words in my mouth," said the general.

The four captives played pool and backgammon with two Soviet majors and a female Armenian interpreter who were their constant companions. Often they were joined in the evening by two Soviet generals, who displayed a healthy curiosity about U.S. military affairs. On the last night of their captivity, after being driven to the Soviet border village of Akyaka, the two U.S. generals were held up for nine more hours while the Russians tried to get them to sign a protocol admitting that they crossed the border near Ani, implying that they had been snooping along the border. Finally Scherrer wrote on the paper: "We don't know when or where we crossed."

Back at his base in Ankara, Scherrer, who stopped smoking last August, recalled that one of the Russian majors had remarked to him, "If you go through this without starting again, then you have really stopped." Said Scherrer: "I've stopped all right."

PAKISTAN

Worst of the Century

The Pacific has its typhoons, the Atlantic its hurricanes and the Indian Ocean its cyclones. Last week one of the deadliest cyclones in history battered the Ganges Delta region of East Pakistan with 150-m.p.h. winds and a 20-ft. tidal wave.

In the early hours after the storm, some 350 bodies were sighted along one eight-mile stretch of coastline. In the Bay of Bengal, one ship was torn apart and scores of other craft were missing. The greatest devastation apparently hit the islands of Hatia and Dakhin Shahbazpur, part of which was washed into the sea. Estimates of casualties ranged from 20,000 to 60,000, which would make it the region's worst cyclone of the century and second only to the deadly cyclone of 1876, which took an estimated 200,000 lives.

ITALY

Forget Rocinante—Fly TWA

Throughout the three-day trial in Rome's crowded criminal court last week, it was difficult to distinguish the prosecution from the defense. Both sides, in a torrent of rhetoric, apparently considered the U.S. the real culprit—and not Defendant Raffaele Minichiello. A lance corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps, Minichiello, now 21, set a still unbroken record for long-distance skyjacking in October 1969, when he forced the crew of a TWA jet to fly 6,900 miles from California to Rome. At the time, Minichiello was AWOL and fleeing from a court-martial: he had broken into a PX because, he said, the Corps had cheated him out of \$200 in pay, and he wanted to square accounts.

"Raffaele Minichiello is a good, hard-working boy, a frightened boy," said Prosecutor Antonio Scopelliti. "Life took him from the small, calm town of

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This extraordinary television set comes with an extraordinary warranty, which we're proud to describe below. Basically, it's a full year's coverage on both parts and labor, plus two years on the picture tube at the service agency of your choice.

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A man
must feel for his scotch
what he feels
for his woman...

Respect.

You'll respect Pipers. Pipers Scots' whisky. It's born in the Highlands of craggy, canny Scots, fiercely independent men who give their lives to Pipers and give Pipers its life. They put their hearts and minds and skills into every precious drop.

Pipers Scots' whisky, proud bearer of the Seagram name. Purchase it and learn the taste of pride.

Pipers

It's made proudly. Drink it that way.





MINICHIELLO IN ROME COURT
Fleeing a chaotic civilization.

Melito Irpino, where he was born, to the inferno of Viet Nam, and from the fields of Melito to the chaotic city of New York. We believe in the Minichiello who fought bravely in the rains of Viet Nam and earned a medal."

Uncultured Peasant. Defense Attorney Giuseppe Sotgiu seemed to agree with the prosecutor's every word. "I am sure that Italian judges will understand and forgive an act born from a civilization of aircraft and war violence, a civilization which overwhelmed this uncultured peasant, this Don Quixote without Dulcinea, without Sancho Panza, who instead of mounting his Rocinante flew across the skies."

While Italy's penal code does not yet recognize skyjacking as a crime, Minichiello faced a possible 32-year prison term on charges of assault, kidnapping and bringing into the country a "weapon of war"—the M1 carbine with which he commandeered the plane. Convicted on all counts, Minichiello was sentenced to only 7½ years in prison—a year and a month more than the sympathetic prosecution had requested. He has already served one year of the sentence in Rome's bleak Queen of Heaven jail while awaiting trial. The penalty will be reduced by two more years as a result of a recent general amnesty, and another amnesty is expected in a couple of years. Moreover, he can get time off for good behavior. There is also a possibility that he will be free by next spring, for if the court does not respond to his appeal within six months, he will have to be released on "provisional liberty" until the court gets around to replying. Future skyjackers could hardly be discouraged by the leniency shown Minichiello. Had Minichiello faced the Marine court-martial for his original offense and been convicted, his maximum jail sentence would have been six months, with a bad-conduct discharge from the Corps.

THE WAR

The C.O.'s Private Battle

It used to be that General Vo Nguyen Giap's guerrilla manual was the main source of the U.S. military's woes in Viet Nam. Now the brass is worrying about the U.S. Army Regulations as well. With the help of U.S. civilian lawyers, a few G.I.s in Viet Nam have seized on a little-known passage in the "Army regs" section on conscientious objectors and tried to use it as a legal way out of combat.

The point man in the legal skirmishing is Private Adolph R. Flores, 21, of Houston, who was already an opponent of the Army last summer when he arrived in South Viet Nam. Before going overseas, he consulted a group of antiwar lawyers. Poring over Army Regulation 635-20, they found that citizens who do not apply for C.O. status before induction can claim that status later on. That right is granted in a clause stating that C.O. claims "growing out of experience prior to entering military service but which did not become fixed until entry into the service will be considered."

Last June the Supreme Court ruled that deeply held moral or ethical convictions as well as religious beliefs could be grounds for exemption from combat. Since then, applications for C.O. status on moral and ethical grounds have increased. Most C.O.s claim their exemptions before induction.* But C.O. applications from men in uniform are inching up, too: in the first nine months of the year, 820 G.I.s applied (v. 943 for all of 1969) and 235 have won C.O. exemptions (v. 194 last year). Still, only 36 of this year's applications for C.O. status have come from G.I.s in Viet Nam, and as of last August, only twelve of them had been approved.

A Change of Mind. Flores, assigned to the crack 101st Airborne Division last month, lost no time in applying for C.O. status. His superiors shifted Flores out of combat and eventually to the 101st's Camp Eagle headquarters, pending Washington's action on his application. Before long more than a dozen other G.I.s from Flores' battalion and other units arrived at Camp Eagle, all demanding C.O. treatment.

The Army soon changed its mind, too. According to the regulations, G.I.s who apply for C.O. status must be assigned duties that provide the "minimum practicable conflict with their asserted beliefs" until Washington rules on the case. The Army argued that such "minimum duties" do not require shifting a soldier out of combat zones, but that he can be given noncombat assignments in fighting areas. Accordingly, Flores and the others were ordered back to

the field, where they "could be used to carry rope, extra water, whatever the company needed." In the end, Flores and two other G.I. privates, Frederick H. Miller and Frank Moore, both 23, were returned to their units but refused to take up the duties assigned. They were confined in the stockade at Camp Eagle to await courts-martial on charges of failure to obey orders. The Army's apparent intention was to discourage other G.I.s from getting out of combat areas in the same fashion.

Last week, Flores & Co. won their private Viet Nam War after all. To their aid came Henry Aronson of the Lawyers Military Defense Committee, set up three months ago by a group of U.S. lawyers and law professors (TIME, Oct. 19). Aronson's strongest argument was that the publicity surrounding the courts-martial would only encourage widespread abuse of the C.O. regulation. Hours before the proceedings were to begin at Danang last week, the Army dropped the charges.

Back to the Boonies. Actually, the Army insists that it had every legal right to order the men back to their units. It maintains that neither Miller nor Moore ever bothered to go through with the complex application procedures and that neither could be legally exempted from bearing arms.

At week's end, all three seemed headed back to the field. Miller and Moore were transferred to other 101st Division companies. As for Flores, Washington approved his C.O. request as a 1-A-0 while he was in the Camp Eagle stockade. Henceforth, he may not have to fire a weapon, but he can be ordered out into the boonies to carry radios, drive supply vehicles or help with the wounded.



MILLER, ARONSON, FLORES & MOORE
Looking for relief in the regs.

* Would-be C.O.s can request their draft boards to classify them as I-O (which exempts them from military duty but requires them to serve in mental hospitals, in VISTA or in some other service program), or as 1-A-0 (they don uniforms but do not bear arms). This year the Army has trained as many as 3,000 1-A-0s, mostly as medics.

PEOPLE

In *American Journey*, Jean Stein's new book about **Robert Kennedy**, Washington's grandest *grande dame*, crisp, canny and perennial Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 86, contributes her own distinctive views about the difference between Bobby and **John F. Kennedy**: "I see Jack in older years as the nice little rosy-faced old Irishman with the clay pipe in his mouth, a rather nice broth of a boy. Not Bobby. Bobby could have been a revolutionary priest."

Another novel with a homosexual theme? Ho-hum. But *Maurice*, announced last week for publication in about a year, is by the late great English novelist **E.M. Forster**, and so rates as a major literary event. Written in 1913, Forster's sixth novel was withheld by the author of *A Passage to India* until after his death because, according to his literary executor **W.J.H. Spott**, "He thought there would be some stir about it and he did not want to be involved." Forster's own homosexuality is dealt with movingly by his authorized biographer, **P.N. Furbank**, in the current issue of *Encounter*. "He achieved physical sex very late," writes Furbank, "and found it easier with people outside his own social class; and it remained a kind of private magic for him."

Speaking last week to an earnest audience of some 400 females at a Manhattan conference on women and management, pear-shaped Columnist **Art Buchwald** declared with a straight face that "I'm as sympathetic as anyone to Women's Lib. I know from personal experience what it's like to be treated as a sex object." The interesting thing, Buchwald said later, is that nobody laughed.

Live television can be quite lively, as viewers of the British version of **David Frost's** talk show discovered last week. In mid-interview with Yippie Jeer-leader **Jerry Rubin**, some 30 Yippie yahoos

stormed the studio stage, screeching obscenities, knocking over equipment, squirting Frost with water and insults ("You are a plastic man. You have been dead for years"). The host retreated—first to the audience, then to another studio to continue his show—while switchboards lit up with calls from indignant Britons and TV officials asked each other how those awful Americans had managed to get in. Frost's verdict: "The most powerful commercial ever for law-and-order."

Vienna has no road company of *Oh! Calcutta!*, but it does have a picture of England's **Queen Elizabeth II** with no clothes on. To the "personal regret" of the Austrian Foreign Ministry the picture of the royal nude even appeared last week in the *Vienna Express*. Not that the Queen actually posed that way for Photographer-Painter **Roland Pleterksi**—the Elizabethan body in his painting belongs, in fact, to a model named **Shin-Tan**. The work, Pleterksi claims, was an act of admiration. "I chose to do the Queen rather than, say, **Jackie Onassis**, because she is more important and so much nicer."

Kipling's unmeetable twain have been getting together with a vengeance in Bangkok. The American presence meant money and automobiles; automobiles meant roads. So the exotic "Venice of the East" filled in most of its famed canals and turned itself into a miniature Oriental Los Angeles—complete with fume-spewing, bumper-to-bumper thrombosis. To the rescue last week, during a two-day official visit to Bangkok, came U.S. Secretary of Transportation **John Volpe**. His prescription, typical of the inscrutable West: fill in the few remaining canals and add express buses.

Can a suicidal female pop singer find happiness in the arms of a Roman Catholic priest? **Sophia Loren** finds out. So does the padre assigned to straighten



MASTROIANNI & LOREN IN "PRIEST'S WIFE"
No plugs.

out **Sophia, Marcello Mastroianni**, who eventually discovers that he needs some straightening out himself. It all happens in the new movie *The Priest's Wife*, which Producer **Carlo Ponti** decided to make without counting on any plugs from the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano*.

Swathed in sober respectability, Actor **Richard Burton** celebrated his 45th birthday with presents from **Queen Elizabeth** (the order of Commander of the British Empire) and **Wife Elizabeth** (a Rolls-Royce saloon). He also ruminated on retirement: "When I really want to slope off and simply be garrulous in my old age, I shall go back to the South Wales village I came from—Pontrhydyfen. Elizabeth will still be superbly dressed, but the double chin she has had from childhood will become a third chin, and she'll be asking me to get her a vodka and tomato juice at 10:30—at night, I hasten to add—instead of 6:30 as at present." On money: "We both try to live up to the rules of easy wealth. Elizabeth treats it all as fairy money. She scatters it, I am pretty cute business-wise. Some time ago, I went into a deal with two Swiss gnomes and an industrialist and set up a bank in Switzerland. So I am a banker, and a better banker than any you will find in New York or London."

Black Militant **Angela Davis**, 26, currently in a Manhattan jail fighting extradition to California to face kidnap and murder charges for her alleged complicity in a shootout in which four were killed, was selected Honorary Homecoming Queen at California's predominantly white Sacramento City College.

FROST (RIGHT), RUBIN (LEFT) & YIPPIES



After the rooster crows, what do you hear?



Up from the mist in the valley, a screen door bangs and echoes in the quiet...the pump handle protests with a screech and a creak as it starts bringing water up from the earth...a dove coos reassurance to her still-sleepy chicks hidden softly in the tall grass...the first of an infinite chorus of crickets begins to sing...

Daybreak, far from city. Even if you've only heard it once, you know how it sounds.

We do. And we make Arvin radios, phonographs, tape recorders and cassettes for people who listen to—and care about—sounds the way we do.

For those who don't there are other brands. At other prices.



Arvin

A WARMER WINTER, FROM THE



PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU A COOLER SUMMER.

When the outside of you is cold, the inside of you likes something that makes you warm.

And rum is one of the very few beverages that warms you when you are cold, just as it cools you when you are warm.

The Rums of Puerto Rico do it best of all because they are created to mix with almost anything in almost any kind of drink—from a holiday punch to the classic Daiquiri. They

are light and dry, charcoal filtered, and distilled at high proof. And they are very smooth.

Because the people who make them must age them according to strict standards.

Yet these people do not mind, because they know that the rums they make will be loved as much in December as they were in May.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

1 Hot Rum Toddy

1 tsp. honey in mug; dissolve with hot water. Add 1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White) and a lemon slice studded with four cloves. Fill mug with boiling water. Add cinnamon stick.

2 Thanksgiving Punch

Mix together in a punch bowl ½ cup (4 oz.) lemon juice, ½ cup (2 oz.) sugar, 1 cup (8 oz.) each of cranberry juice, orange juice and strong tea. Then add 1 "fifth" bottle (25.6 oz.) of White Puerto Rican Rum and a dozen cloves. Introduce ice cubes to chill the punch. Decorate with thin lemon slices. (Serves 15.)

3 Hot Rum and Cider

In a preheated mug containing 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 Café Puerto Rico

Pour 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 Egg Nog

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. eggnog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 Tom and Jerry

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 Hot Buttered Rum

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

THE ALL NEW OPEL 1900. NO OTHER ECONOMY CAR (FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC) GIVES YOU ALL THIS.

The Opel story is simple. You simply get a lot more car for your money.

The new Opel 1900 offers many things as standard equipment that small cars offer as optional equipment. Or not at all.

For example, the Opel 1900 is the economy car with hydraulic valve lifters, just like the big American luxury cars, for a quiet-running engine and eliminating the need for adjustments.

The Opel 1900 has front power disc brakes for quick, smooth, straight-line stops. As standard equipment.

The Opel 1900 has lots and lots of room. About 5 inches more hip room in our back seat than the widest of the new small domestic cars. And please notice, the Opel has adjustable backs on its front bucket seats as standard equipment.

The Opel 1900 is one of the very

few economy cars with dual front headlights.

The Opel 1900's trunk is 11.4 cubic feet big. That's bigger than some larger American cars. And if you've seen the trunk opening on any of the new small cars, you'll appreciate the new Opel 1900. You can get big things into the trunk without scraping your knuckles and elbows.

The Opel 1900 has a four-speed gear box as standard equipment. And a three-speed, fully automatic transmission is available.

Things like wheel trim rings, chrome drip rails, window trim moldings and fancy vinyl upholstery can really dress up a car.

And they're all standard equipment on an Opel 1900.

But maybe you want an economy car just for the great gas mileage and easy handling. The Opel 1900

gets great gas mileage and we turn tight . . . 31.8 feet with only three turns of the wheel.

See all the Opel 1900s (1900 Sedan, 1900 Sport Coupe, the zoomy 1900 Rallye and the beautiful 1900 Wagon) at your Buick-Opel dealer's. Over 2,000 of them sell and service Opel from coast to coast.

While you're there, see the other new Opels, too.

Available this year is a new four-door sedan, in addition to a two-door sedan and an economy wagon.

And they've got many of the things the 1900s have.

Plus one other wonderful advantage—they're less expensive.

After you've seen all the new Opels, if you can find an economy car that you think gives you more than Opel, congratulations.

You've done more than we could.



BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Opel 1900 Sport Coupe in Alpine White.

BUICK'S FOREIGN ECONOMY CAR.



SNOWMOBILE IN NEW JERSEY

Mechanized Monsters

America still contains hushed places—beaches, mountains, snowy woods—where a man on foot can find the old communion with nature. Now those oases have suddenly become vulnerable to a new breed of vehicles that are unbounded by roads or rules.

Powered by short-stroke engines, "off-road vehicles" ride on bloated tires or whirling treads that enable them to go almost anywhere at average speeds of 30 m.p.h. Proliferating from Maine to California, they now include 200,000 dune buggies, 2,000,000 trail bikes, 1,100,000 snowmobiles and, newest of all, 25,000 all-terrain vehicles (ATVs).

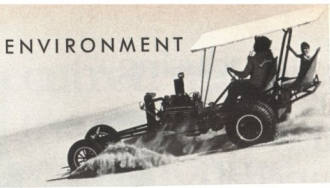
No one disputes the value of these versatile gadgets to people who live and work in remote, roadless areas—farmers, ranchers, Eskimos, trappers, rural doctors and utility repair crews. To other users, the raffish vehicles offer instant fun at relatively little cost: \$200 for the smallest trail bike, \$1,000 for an average snowmobile, \$1,200 for a dune buggy, \$1,600 for an ATV.

Morning Tracks. But to nature lovers, off-road vehicles represent the ultimate invasion of privacy—the land equivalent of outboard motorboats that now choke the nation's lakes and rivers. In some wilderness areas, undeclared war has broken out. Hikers and cross-country skiers block trails with felled trees; in response, some bikers and snowmobilers carry chain saws to slash roadblocks and cut free firewood.

In some states, snowmobiles must be registered; park officials restrict other machines to specific trails. Such rudimentary rules are virtually unenforceable, and marauders on ATVs or snowmobiles occasionally strip hunters' shacks or loot vacation homes. Says Jack Butterfield, administrator of Michigan's state parks: "About all we ever find the next morning is the tracks. It's like a man on foot trying to catch somebody on horseback."

These are the acts of a few criminals. But the new machines cause more general damage. Trail bikers litter the landscape with beer cans, pull-top rings, plastic bags, oily rags, empty bottles. Pistol-packing snowmobilers are decimating Alaskan caribou; overhunting is common elsewhere. At Minnesota's tiny, remote Pierz Lake, a reporter counted 67 snowmobiles and 120 fishermen in one

ENVIRONMENT



DUNE BUGGY IN CALIFORNIA



ATV IN PENNSYLVANIA

winter day. The sportsmen took out 556 lbs. of medium-sized fish—about a year's production for the lake.

In Michigan's Upper Peninsula, a snowmobiling club planned a fox hunt in which the winner would get to crush the panting beast under his treads (the event was squashed by public outrage). Other drivers play a game called "spooking." The object is to chase a terrified deer (or coyote, wolf or moose) until it drops. Debilitated by winter cold, the animal often dies of exhaustion or pneumonia.

Many of Maine's big paper companies may soon close their forests to recreational use; snowmobilers have unwittingly flattened entire plantations of snow-covered seedlings. In parts of California's Sequoia National Forest, trail bikes were banned after they started erosion that was ruining hills and the breeding grounds of golden trout. With their six chubby wheels churning, ATVs ravage blueberry crops, chew up stream bottoms and rip the thin top layer of vegetation off swamps.

Drivers also damage themselves. Forced up steep inclines, ATVs and buggies can flip over like turtles, riders underneath. Snowmobilers who forget to "post" over bad bumps often suffer fractured spines. Noise is a problem too. Most of the vehicles make a racket like a chain saw, and users tend to ride in deafening packs. Snowmobilers, in fact, have been run down by trains because their engines drowned out the sound of approaching locomotives. More efficient mufflers would help, but since the sound of power is a major selling point, the decibel count remains high. Better regulation seems overdue.

Suffolk Bans Detergents

Like most rural areas, Long Island's Suffolk County has no major sewer system and, except in the largest towns, cannot afford to build one in the near future. Because Suffolk's 1,200,000 residents depend on backyard cesspools and septic tanks, household wastes that do not break down in nature—especially detergents—eventually seep into the underground water supply. As a result, more and more drinking water flows out of the tap with a smelly foam that tastes awful and perhaps affects human health.

Last week the Suffolk County legislature took a step unprecedented in the U.S. It banned the sale of virtually all detergents used to wash clothes or clean homes. The ban, which is effective March 1, will be mostly a test of housewives' restraint. Although the law imposes penalties (up to \$250 and 15 days in jail) on sellers of detergents, anybody who wants them badly enough can buy them legally in adjoining Nassau County. The real problem is that the detergent industry has not yet developed substitute soaps that work as well and also break down in nature. Even so, the Suffolk County law will help speed the industry's efforts to produce something better.

Policeman for Pollution

John Mitchell's Justice Department has been considered a sanctuary for Republicans who got their jobs after failing to win political elections. This was true of Assistant Attorney General William Ruckelshaus, loser in a 1968 Senate race against Indiana's Birch Bayh. But Ruckelshaus proved to be a winner in the department, where he soon became one of its ablest young (38) voices of moderation. Last spring he persuaded Mitchell to permit a massive antiwar rally near the White House; he even got his boss to make speeches extolling peaceful protest. Now President Nixon has nominated Ruckelshaus for a crucial job: head of the new Environmental Protection Agency.

Conservationists are pleased because the quiet Indianan turns out to have a significant record of prosecuting polluters. A graduate of Harvard Law School ('60), he got his first whiff of the task as a deputy attorney general in his home state, when he investigated a tomato cannery for emitting such ter-

Introducing the new "Silver Imperial"



Gleaming member
of the world's
most beautifully
designed writing
instruments...
the "textures" collection
by Sheaffer



Sheaffer ■ still the proud craftsmen

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COMPANY



RUCKELSHAUS INSPECTING SEWAGE PLANT
The era of delay is over.

rible stinks that townspeople suffered from "olfactory fatigue" and could smell nothing. He went on to file suits against numerous corporations and municipalities for their pollution practices. In 1963 he drafted the Indiana Air Pollution Control Act, which imposed strict standards on local governments and empowered the state to enforce them.

Nationwide Attack. As chief of the Environmental Protection Agency, Ruckelshaus will run the nation's most powerful and best-funded (\$1.4 billion) pollution-fighting organization. When EPA opens for business on Dec. 2, it will take over 15 component parts of five different (and often conflicting) agencies. EPA will control, for example, the Federal Water Quality Administration and the National Air Pollution Control Administration. The goal is a coordinated federal attack on dirty air and water that will ease the pressure on states, which have long stalled on enforcement for fear of driving away industry. Ruckelshaus will also carry out policies set by the new Council on Environmental Quality, whose chairman, Russell Train, says that "the President has made the best possible choice."

Ruckelshaus says bluntly that the Nixon Administration's stress on "jawboning" has failed to reform air polluters, not a single one of whom the Government has yet sued. He does not intend to "launch a big accusatory tirade" against industry. But he has made it clear that the era of delay is over. He even welcomes help from "public-interest" law firms, which the Internal Revenue Service ruled last week can retain their tax-exempt status. The Ruckelshaus appointment requires Senate confirmation; so far, no opposition is expected.

"How an Accutron® watch helped me set the American record for the fastest single-handed sailing across the Atlantic"



By Tom Follett
Marine Consultant

If you're crazy enough to sail across a 3,000 mile ocean with no crew, no motor and no way to contact shore, then you'd better have a couple of things going for you.

A boat, for one.

Mine was called "Cheers." And every single inch of her forty feet was designed, built and tested specially for the crossing.

But all that wasn't worth a can of beans if I couldn't get her from Plym-

outh, England to Newport, Rhode Island.

To navigate, I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant and my four-year-old Accutron watch.

What I had to have going for me besides a boat (and luck) were navigational instruments.

So I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant. And my four-year-old Accutron watch.

When you compute longitude, even if your sextant is perfect, if your time-

piece is just 40 seconds off, it'll throw you 10 miles off course.

And I had enough to worry about without that.

My Accutron had a tuning fork movement guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.* It also had forty-eight months of experience on other boats.

After all that time of keeping me on course (no matter how far off a storm tried to throw me) I trusted it to come through again.

And as you can see by that big headline up there, it did.

It's been two years now, since the crossing. And "Cheers" has retired to a British museum.

But my old Accutron watch has remained very accurately on the job.

And I would still be wearing it now, if it weren't for the fact that Bulova gave me a new one for writing this ad.

Accutron Deep Sea "A": Water resistant to 666 feet. Crystal-enclosed elapsed time indicator. Luminous hands and markers. Stainless steel case and band. \$210. Other styles from \$110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from and returned to authorized Accutron dealer within one year of date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
a scientific instrument.
Accutron® by Bulova.

MODERN LIVING

The Revised Zodiac

Even a nonbeliever knows his astrological sign. If his birthday falls, for example, between May 22 and June 21, the charts have always told him that he is a Gemini. They reassure him that deep down he is a restless, versatile, clever, exuberant and expressive chap, even if friends and neighbors find him stolid, sullen and introverted. Sudden notification that this same fellow is in reality a Taurus—stubborn, systematic, kindhearted and musical—is sure to prove unsettling, particularly when he appears decidedly sloppy, mean and congenitally tone-deaf.

Worse still would be the news that he had been re-classified a Cetus, a sun sign that points to no personality traits whatever and cannot be found, embossed or appliqued, on a single charm bracelet, watch fob, dish towel or shower curtain. Nonetheless, such a possibility now exists. So says Steven Schmidt, whose book, *Astrology 14* (Bobbs-Merrill; \$4.95), not only shifts the old signs to different dates but also adds two more constellations to the Zodiac.

Perfectly Taurus. Schmidt's theory turns upon the fact that in the 2,000 years since the old astrological rules were set up, there has been a slight change in the tilt of the earth's axis. This has caused an apparent shift in the positions of the constellations. In addition, he notes that astrologers have refused to recognize that there are actually 14 constellations in the Zodiac belt, not 12.

An even dozen, of course, is convenient for reckoning points of the compass or months of the year. Fourteen is a bother. Hence the two additional constellations, Cetus (the whale) and Ophiuchus (the serpent slayer), have been ignored. Not by Schmidt, who assigns each constellation 26 days instead of

30, making room for Cetus between Aries and Taurus, and for Ophiuchus between Sagittarius and Scorpio. Let the horoscopes fall where they may; his way, Schmidt argues, gives "a better guide to analyzing character."

To Schmidt, who was born on July 7 and was obviously dissatisfied at being designated a Cancer (sign of the tenacious, motherly and easily influenced), the change is eminently logical. The new line-up makes him a Gemini, "as might be expected, perhaps, of one who writes fiction and poetry by choice and edits scientific reports for a living." Other personalities, selected "at random" for proof that they are just as at home in the traditional horoscope, include such "hardly wishy-washy" Ariens as Warren Beatty, Debbie Reynolds and Schmidt's brother, Jack (obviously better off as "strong-willed, ambitious" Pisceans). Robert Schumann, Prince Philip and Schmidt's son, Sherwood, oldtime Gemini, are now perfectly Taurus.

Essentially Irrational. *Astrology 14* is not exactly moving either heaven or earth within the trade. Established astrologers like Carroll Righter, who built reputations and fortunes on a 12-sign system, dismiss Schmidt's theories as "meaningless." U.S.C. Astronomy Professor Gibson Reaves points out that "astrology is essentially irrational, and to try to give it such a rational, scientific explanation would spoil it for most people, anyway." Bufts like Clark Stillman, salesman at a Greenwich Village occult bookstore, complain that Schmidt doesn't ascribe any "elements" (air, water, fire, etc.) to his new signs or enhance them "for esoteric value" with much mythology. Actually, Schmidt borrows some myths from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, both on Cetus (a monster sent by Neptune to devour Andromeda) and on Ophiuchus (either a king killing a dragon, Heracles killing

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



MISS BUREAUCRAT & MISS CARBON COPY

Optimizing assets.

a serpent, or a physician curing snake-bites). "Anyway," Stillman insists, "according to Schmidt, I'm an Aquarius. But I don't feel it or act it. Therefore, I'm not."

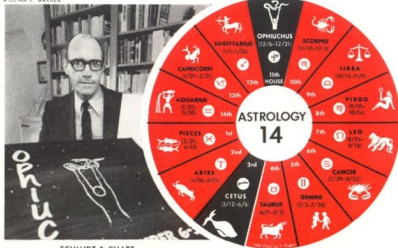
Maximizing NATAPROBU

Most Americans have learned to co-exist with the inefficiencies and jargon of bureaucracy, accepting them with sullen resignation. Not so James Boren, president of NATAPROBU (for National Association of Professional Bureaucrats), a mischievous group organized to reform bureaucracy by lampooning it. Last week, at an awards ceremony in Washington, D.C., designed to demonstrate the bureaucratic characteristic of "dynamic inactivism," Boren belatedly named Sandra Summers, a Pentagon secretary, as "Miss Bureaucrat 1969."

Boren's Three Laws sum up NATAPROBU's philosophy: 1) When in charge, ponder; 2) When in trouble, delegate; and 3) When in doubt, mumble. The organization dedicates itself to "optimize the status quo by fostering adjustable adherence to procedural abstractions and rhetorical clearances." It also promotes "feasibility studies, reviews, surveys of plans, surveys of feasibility studies and surveys of reviews." NATAPROBU's gobbledygook letters and memos, sent irregularly to offending agencies, sound alarmingly real. Victims of the Internal Revenue Service's terrifying forms, for example, will immediately recognize such splendid Borenized phrases as "quantized investment revenues" and "optimized financial implementation."

Boring from Within. NATAPROBU's latest campaign is aimed at the State Department, which has decided that all outgoing telegrams be prepared on special "optical character recognition" typewriters. At the moment, only three such typewriters exist at State, and only a few operators have mastered the system's intricacies. That provides Boren with a target that seems almost too good to be true. NATAPROBU's chief executive officer, presi-

WILLIAM J. WARREN



SCHMIDT & CHART

Not on a single watch fob, dish towel or shower curtain.

Will you give a lion a home?

Many animals kill; only man destroys. He has already wiped out over 100 animal species.

And others (rhino, leopard, etc.) are in jeopardy.

The agony is that once a species is gone, it is gone forever.

In Tanzania, on the plains of the Serengeti, is one of the last places on God's green (?) earth you still see wild animals in migration.



The Serengeti Plains, 5500 sq. mi., lie between Lake Victoria, Olduvai Gorge (where anthropologist Leakey unearthed the first man) and Ngongoro Crater.

Drawn by tides of instinct, Wildebeeste and Zebra, Eland, Tommies and Grant's gazelle, in hundreds of thousands to the horizon, cross and recross the Serengeti Plain.

And among them lives the African lion.

You can camp out in the Serengeti; sleep to the night music of the hunting lion, wake to landscapes savage and serene.

You shoot pictures; no guns allowed.

You meet zoologists, ecologists, wardens (many were hunters who put down their rifles), serving and studying in this unique laboratory.

Most men, of course, will never get to Serengeti (indeed, 7 out of 10 Tanzanians have never seen a lion, as New Yorkers have never seen a cow).

But Serengeti—and the lions—exist. (Can you imagine a world without lions?) And they belong to all of us.

To run the Serengeti National Park, to carve out new wildlife refuges, to guard against the ubiquitous poacher, costs money.

Not much; the cost of a destroyer would sustain Tanzania's parks for 100 years. But Tanzania isn't rich. So friends of the Serengeti help.

They believe there is a unity between man and nature that must be preserved.

Men raised fortunes to lift Abu Simbel statues above the Nile; to restore flood-damaged Florentine art.

All well and good. But here is an equal inheritance for our children and their children: African wildlife in its last chance on earth.

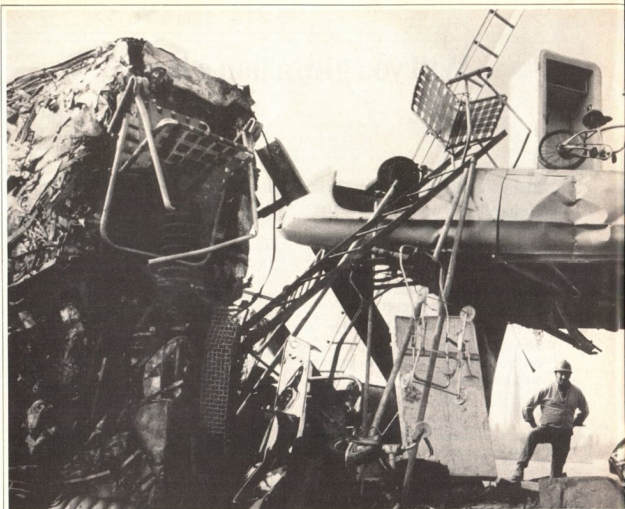
For something will be lost when the elephant no longer roams the bush and the lion is gone from the plain.

And when it is lost, it is lost forever. Will you help?

Send your contribution (tax deductible) to:

African Wildlife Leadership Foundation
1250 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

\$300 reclaims a square mile; our goal is 1200 sq. mi., the size of the King Ranch. 50¢ an acre to give a lion a home.



**These mineral deposits
make it important to find new ones.**



It used to be that when an automobile hit the scrap heap, two things went with it. Years of service and large quantities of the earth's raw materials.

The years of service cannot be salvaged. But much of the raw materials can.

Even so, reclamation of scrap metal alone cannot meet today's growing global needs.

We're helping in the discovery of new sources of raw materials.

Satellite mineral mapping

One of our companies is at work on an instrument that will provide a new method of mapping the earth's mineral formations. It will measure the heat radiated day and night from the earth's surface.

This instrument will be used aboard NASA's polar-orbiting

Nimbus-E satellite at an altitude of about 600 miles. It will pinpoint infrared radiation—rays emitted with varying degrees of intensity—from basic and acidic mineral deposits within a 650-yard square.

Satellite weather reporting

Another of our space developments is aboard NASA's Nimbus IV meteorological satellite.

It's a daytime space camera system in polar orbit at a speed of 16,380 miles per hour. In a 24-hour period, it collects and transmits images of worldwide weather patterns for a complete cloud cover map of the earth.

ITT and you

Developments like these come about because we are a diversified company, able to afford and manage the cycles of investment and

research. Whether it's developing more nutritious food products for undernourished children. Or helping to find new deposits of raw materials for your 1980 automobile.

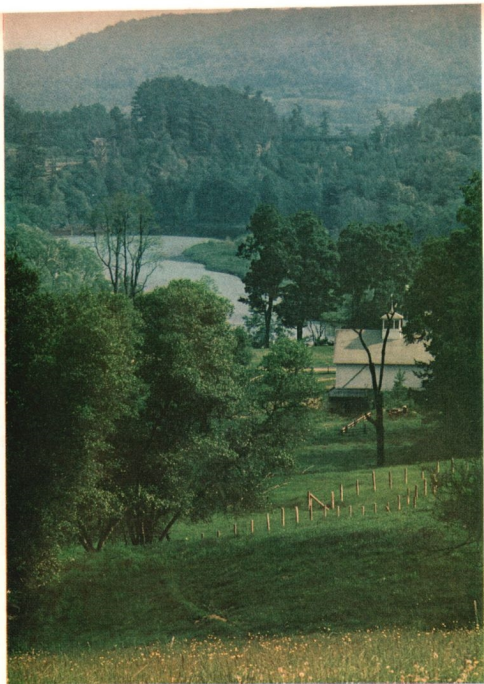
International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

We've spent the last fifty years getting ready for the next.

Fiftieth
Anniversary
1970

ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE



When we're finished, this will look beautiful.

An area development that will maintain the integrity of nature. And the heritage of the people.

Kane Financial Corporation is building it in Quechee Lakes, Vermont.

The town of Quechee is being carefully restored. By Vermont's finest craftsmen.

Even the stores and supper club they're converting from the old mill will have the authenticity of New England.

Almost half the land will remain untouched. A beautiful setting for recreations like golf. Tennis. Skiing. And nature hikes.

And whether you're buying an acre or a farm site, Kane helps you get financing.

Kane sees Quechee Lakes as the first of many such developments they plan to build.

All will give people an opportunity to buy land. Beautiful land. Land developed in an honest effort to recapture the past.

It can be the best part of the future.

Kane is a member of CNA Financial Corporation. Together, the members offer a wide range of financial services for consumer and industry.

From business insurance to recreational real estate. From nuclear leasing to new homes to car loans.

We make money work.

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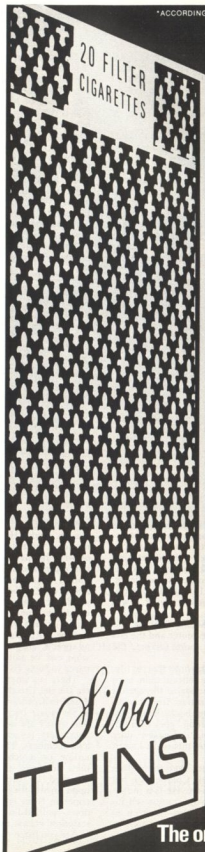
dent and chairman of the board knows bureaucracy well: he struggled for seven years as a middle-level official in the Agency for International Development (AID) a renowned citadel of red tape, and served previously in the U.S. Army (as captain) and the Congress (as an aide to Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough). Now head of a private business and educational consulting firm in Virginia, he funds NATAPROBU's \$3,000-a-year budget from his own pocket. "Some people putter in the garden," says Boren, "some jog around the neighborhood; I orchestrate NATAPROBU."

Some orchestration. Its offices in the National Press Building are a model of inefficiency. Phone wires, some disconnected, make Boren's desk look like a spaghetti bowl. Papers, stamps and stamp pads are everywhere. One example: "Cleared/Deputy Associate Assistant Chairman/Committee on Clearances/NATAPROBU." There are copies of *Inaction Line*, the organization's own very occasional publication; a clutch of bureaucrat pencils—featuring erasers at both ends—and even copies of a society song called *Let's Fingertap Together*. Boren estimates that the organization has about 300 members, but admits the roster has not grown much in the past year. Bureaucratic inefficiency has slowed recruiting, of course, but there are other reasons as well.

Channel Pilot. Consider, for example, some of the questions a NATAPROBU aspirant must answer: "Can you describe the lateral communication channels you will have to establish to perform your role in the organization?" Or this: "In like manner, can you describe the vertical channels? Can you identify and describe the role relationships of the organizational units astride the communication channels you have identified?" To the novice, a simple yes or no answer would seem to be enough. According to NATAPROBU's Guidelines for Evaluation, however, any coherent replies immediately relegate the applicant to the "Failure to Meet Requirements in Many Important Respects" category.

In fitting bureaucratic style, the coronation of "Miss Bureaucrat 1969" last week was followed, a few moments later, by the crowning of "Miss Carbon Copy," her twin sister. Both presided over the presentation of awards for extraordinary bureaucratic finesse. Winners received a gold-painted, pot-bellied, disheveled bird, sculpted by Boren himself. Among the recipients were ex-Ambassador to Panama and former Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughn and John Brayton Redecker, a State Department official and author of *CASP: A Systematic Approach to Policy Planning and Analysis in Foreign Affairs*. Absent was Vice President Spiro Agnew, tapped for "his contributions to the state of the communications art and to the orbital prulusionary processes, as finalized in direct trajectories."

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IN PRAISE OF RETICENCE

THE DC-9 has climbed to 30,000 ft. You have that serene, floating, god-above-gravity feeling—the small miracle of flying. Your fellow god, the one in the cockpit, is mumbling the usual comforting inaudibles over the P.A. ("Off to the leftmmmmmmzzzz . . ."). You give the other passengers a quick scan; apparently not a hijacker in sight. A small prayer of thanks might be in order.

But then there is a minor throat-clearing on your right. Your seatmate is about to speak. You are about to suffer a disaster that neither man nor computer can guard against: Instant Intimacy. Relentlessly, he tells you all about his business, his childhood, his sex life. Why do the airlines spend their money eliminating the middle seat? Why don't they put up confessional grilles instead?

Let's call your seatmate Charlie O. (for Oral). He is not just a minor nuisance, but the personification of a major menace. People today tell complete strangers things they once wouldn't have confessed to a priest, a doctor or a close friend: their cruelest fears; their most shameful inadequacies; their maddest fantasies. We are witnessing something like the death of reticence.

Inspect the bestseller list. Charlie O. has it cornered. He is the tattletale from whom we learn *Everything We Always Wanted to Know About Sex—* and a lot we didn't really want to know, thanks all the same. *Charlie O.'s Complaint* is not that he can't help doing it but that he can't help talking about it. In the theater, Charlie O. is the playwright shouting the most four-letter words the loudest. He is also the journalist who will share with 7,000,000 readers a 20-year history of his drinking problem. The short version, or the long one if he can find an editor to pay. Not even his loved ones are safe. He will describe in detail his wife's change of life, his daughter's ordeal with drugs, or his son's battle against not-so-latent homosexuality.

Self-disclosure has become an art form—indeed, it threatens to become the only art form. The Charlie O. who shows-and-tells not only earns an automatic reputation for honesty but for talent. Johnny, Merv and Dick fight to get him, and then he tells even more. Hang a mike boom above his big mouth and stand back. Let lesser men insert the bleeps. If he isn't already a celebrity, *Instant Intimacy* practiced with a closeup camera on a Nielsen audience of 7.2 will make him one, instantly.

You call it exhibitionism? He calls it Moral Courage and Mental Health. *Talking is good.* This is the center and the circumference of Charlie O.'s credo. The more talking, the better.

Open your well-dinned ears to the talk show that is life. Charlie O.'s credo has carried the day. The reticent man, even as he mutters "Crashing bore!" in the direction of the nearest Charlie O., is bullied into feeling that he suffers from constipation of the heart ("What are you holding back? Don't you care?"). The old values—talk is cheap, "strong" goes with "silent"—have been reversed. *Articulate and outspoken*; does praise come higher? *He can't communicate*; this is the kiss of death from kindergarten on.

Talking It All Out supposedly helps cure everything from bad marriages to war. But your old seatmate Charlie O. is not the pink-cheeked life-giver he pretends to be. He is a monologist whose unstinting offer of himself is the purest self-indulgence. One ear is as good as another for him—or even no ear at all. Like Samuel Beckett's Krapp, he might as well be sitting in an empty room droning into a tape recorder: Narcissus with a microphone instead of a mirror.

In his life, in his art, Charlie O. wants to be Me. But he has no time to develop a self, he's so busy giving it away. For all his I-witnessing, one is left with remarkably little presence. Charlie O. wears his openness like the ultimate mask. The whine of his voice, the color of his pubic hair—what else is there to remember really? As Psychiatrist Leslie Farber puts it, he has taken the fig leaf off his genitals only to cover up his face.

There is a mischief, a self-destructiveness built into garrulity. A little-known law of psychology called the Lombard Effect states that a talker raises the level of his voice in reflex response to an increase in environmental noise (including other voices), but at the cost of intelligibility. The talker puts things less accurately and, furthermore, he is less accurately understood by his equally harassed listeners. The Lombard Effect is a fair metaphor for the distracted life, 1970.

The fact that people "can no longer carry on authentic dialogue with one another," Philosopher Martin Buber has

warned, is "the most acute symptom of the pathology of our time." It is as if in our loneliness, in our anxiety to communicate, we have produced a modern Tower of Babel. Everybody talking at once, but without quite facing one another. Speech, the most social impulse of all, has turned into an act of aggression—against others and finally against ourselves.

One of the things talked most shrilly about these days is the need for privacy—for what a friend writing about Painter Paul Klee called "creative quiet." Klee's face, he explained, "was that of a man who knows about day and night, sky and sea and air. He did not speak about these things. He had no tongue to tell of them." Our cursed explicitness, our compulsion to tell all, has sacrificed this sense of the ineffable. Perhaps no more severe penalty can be exacted on the gift of speech.

What is the alternative? Like Charlie O., the reticent man has his credo. He believes that rests are as much a part of music as the notes, that a man's silences are as much a part of what he means as what he says. The reticent man would not reject the argument: "How do I know what I think until I hear what I say?" But he would add: "How do I know what I *believe* until I hear what I *don't say*?" He would certainly insist that the deepest feelings, as well as the deepest meanings, thrive on understatement—that the ultimate intimacy is shared silence. The reticent man may well be a Romantic at silence, but he tries to be a Classicist at speech. He believes that reticence is the art of knowing what can be said and what cannot be said, and he is prepared to stake civilization on this art.

There is a snarl, very private organization known as Fighters for the Freedom of Silence. They are not necessarily opposed to freedom of speech. In fact, they regard themselves as its truest friends, since they insist through their silence that words are not to be taken lightly. Guidance counselors, bartenders, lay analysts—the career listeners—make the most avid members. The FFFOS have not yet purchased their own airline, on which Trappist flight rules can be enforced. But they do have their own underground soundproof club. Numbred by the unsolicited revelations life daily forces upon them, they retreat there one evening a week to recuperate from fellow man's confessional excesses. Over the door—gold leaf and Old English on fumed oak—reads this inscription: PLEASE SHUT UP.

Are you listening—are you for once listening, Charlie O.?

■ *Melvin Maddocks*





CLARENCE ROLMAN - 68

ERVIN CRUTCHER - 70

LEM TOLLEY - 71

LANT WOOD - 89

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SCIENCE

A Victory for Relativity

After Mariners 6 and 7 photographed Mars last year and went into perpetual orbits around the sun, scientists at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory conducted an important test. Using NASA's giant 210-ft. Goldstone antenna in the California desert, they beamed powerful radio signals past the sun toward the little unmanned spacecraft. When they reached the Mariners some 250 million miles away, the signals were automatically amplified on board and transmitted back to earth. The entire round trip took only about 43 minutes, but the results may be momentous for all of physics. Last week, at a conference on gravity at Caltech, the experimenters reported that they had gathered dramatic new evidence in support

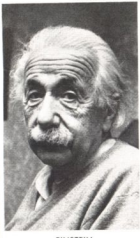
test should take about 200 millionths of a second longer than if it did not pass through the sun's gravitational field; that is because the signal's path would be curved, not straight. The Brans-Dicke theory, on the other hand, predicts less curvature and a slowdown of only 186 millionths of a second. While such bending has been measured before, the tests have never been accurate enough to make a firm case for either the Einstein or Brans-Dicke theory.

But the J.P.L. experimenters reduced the margin of error to 4% or less by locating the distant spacecraft within 100 ft. of their actual position. Thus, when they calculated that the signal to Mariner was slowed down by 204 millionths of a second on its round trip, they dealt the Brans-Dicke theory a

ESTHER RUBEN—LIFE



NEWTON



EINSTEIN



DICKE

High odds in a cosmic poker game.

of Einstein's 1916 General Theory of Relativity.

Such support was needed. Although Einstein's theory offers the most comprehensive explanation of gravity since Newton formulated his gravitational laws, it has recently encountered its most serious challenge. One consequence of the theory is that light and other electromagnetic waves should be measurably bent when passing through a strong gravitational field. Contesting Einstein's equations, Physicists Robert Dicke of Princeton and Carl Brans of Loyola University (New Orleans) argued that such waves are bent to a lesser extent than Einstein had predicted. Though subtle and wrapped in complex mathematics, the differences in the two theories are extremely important. As Einstein himself once admitted, if only one part of his theory was proved wrong, the entire edifice would come tumbling down.

By Einsteinian calculations, a radio signal traveling past the sun to the Mariner 6's position at the time of the

sharp if not decisive blow. Their measurement was only 4 millionths of a second off the Einsteinian prediction, but 18 millionths of a second off the Brans-Dicke figure.

Despite the odds stacking up against him, Physicist Dicke was not yet ready to surrender. "If this were a poker game," he said, "I would be staying with my hand." If Einstein were still alive, however, he would certainly be ready to raise.

The Making of an Amoeba

Serious scientific thinkers have long speculated—and, indeed, sometimes feared—that man may eventually be able to tailor living organisms, including himself, to suit highly specific needs. Though such "genetic engineering" is still a distant goal, it seemed just a little closer last week. After a dazzling series of experiments, researchers at the State University of New York at Buffalo reported that they have succeeded many times in reassembling parts of

three different amoebae—microscopic, one-celled animals—into one fully functioning new cell.

Other scientists have "created" new cells in the past, usually by taking the nucleus of one and implanting it into another whose nucleus had been removed. But the NASA-sponsored Buffalo work—which was controversially described by its team leader, James F. Danielli, "as the first artificial synthesis of a living cell"—apparently goes somewhat beyond the earlier research.

Chemical Hostility. Danielli and his collaborators, Joan Lorch and Kwang W. Jeon, worked with the amoeba's three major components: the nucleus (central control center), the cytoplasm (gel-like body matter) and the cell membrane (outer wall). In a typical experiment, they carefully removed the nucleus of one amoeba with a micropipette and sucked out most of the cell's cytoplasm with a tiny pipette. Then they inserted into the remaining cell membrane a nucleus and cytoplasm that had been similarly removed from other cells. In more than 70% of their attempts, the transplant produced a completely viable new cell—as long as the components used were taken from amoebae of the same strain. But when they tried the same reshuffling with parts from amoebae of different strains, the experiment failed in all but two of 434 tries.

The Buffalo researchers speculated that the difficulty may have been caused partly by a natural chemical hostility between the different strains. Despite this obstacle, scientists may someday produce amoebae with totally new characteristics. It may be possible, for example, to remove one component of an amoeba, alter it with drugs or radiation, and then insert it into the cell again. The artificially induced changes might then be passed on to the amoeba's offspring. Indeed, Danielli, who holds three doctorates (chemistry, physiology and biochemistry), seems certain that the work "opens up a new era of artificial life synthesis."

The Love Affair

For the past four summers, Archaeologist Iris C. Love has been searching the ancient Greek ruins of Cnidus in southwestern Turkey for one of the greatest prizes of antiquity: Praxiteles' long-lost statue of her namesake, Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love. Earlier this year, Miss Love, 37, announced that she had unearthed the remains of the small circular temple that housed the famed nude. Last week the Long Island University professor unveiled an even greater surprise. She reported that she had found the head of the statue itself.

What made the "find" even more startling—and controversial—was that Miss Love did not have to dig for it at all. She discovered the head in London's British Museum among fragments brought back from Cnidus by the English archaeologist Sir Charles Newton more than a

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IRIS C. LOVE

LOVE'S "APHRODITE" & LOUVRE HELLENIC COPY
Dusting off the old marble.

century ago. Why had it not been identified before? Experts who examined the head in the 19th century did think that it might be from a figure of Aphrodite, but not from Praxiteles' work, which was used as a model by so many ancient sculptors that 52 copies are still in existence. Yet the head was so battered that a firm identification seemed impossible, and it was eventually relegated to the museum's dark, dusty storerooms during a 1934 housecleaning.

Another Goddess. After examining the head herself last May, Miss Love decided that such neglect was completely unwarranted. It was carved of the fine-grained white Parian marble favored by Praxiteles, she explains, and the quality of workmanship, the late classical style and hairdo, the delicate folds in the neck, and the slightly larger-than-life dimensions all indicate that it came from the hand of the master.

Less than pleased by the suggestion that they had been ignoring a masterpiece in their very own building, British Museum officials hotly disputed Miss Love's identification. Modern experts, they noted, had concluded that the head was probably not of Aphrodite but of another figure in Greek mythology, Persephone, the goddess of spring. They also pointed out that the head was found by Sir Charles more than half a mile from the Temple of Aphrodite at the sanctuary of Persephone's mother, Demeter. That was not at all surprising, countered Miss Love; the Greeks were known to bury damaged statuary in sacred ground away from the original sites.

The museum's Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Denys Haynes, stood fast. "I am very, very cross with her," he snapped. "If she wants to put her points down on paper, we shall examine them, as we should the arguments of any member of the public." Angry as Haynes sounded, the museum was well aware of the interest aroused by the tempest. It dusted off the disputed sculpture, cleansed it with a mud-pack of fuller's earth, and put it on public display once again.



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BREAKDOWN BY DEPARTMENTS	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 1	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 2	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 3	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 4
* #1-SUB A-SALS	23,163.02	2,954.04	10,295.38	
* -BUDG	25,935.00	3,000.00	21,730.00	
* -PCNT	89	98	47	
SUB B-SALS			17,507.00	



Tim Cutler, Miracle Adhesives, uses this report to compare actual sales with forecast. IBM has a booklet called "Management Reports in the Small Business." For your copy, write: Director, Basic Systems Marketing, Dept. 807AT, IBM Data Processing Division, 1133 Westchester Ave., N.Y. 10604.

* #4-SUB A-SALS	25,305.64	4,814.32	24,477.79
* -BUDG	30,580.00	7,920.00	28,510.00
* -PCNT	83	61	86
SUB B-SALS			12,574.08
-BUDG			
-PCNT			
TOTAL 4-SALS	25,305.64	4,814.32	37,051.87

CENTRE NO. 4	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 5	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 6	SALES CENTRE REGION NO. 7	CROSSFOOTED REGION TOTALS
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20.76	26,746.50	717.00		67,496.70
00.00	25,600.00			62,255.00
60	1.04			82

				17,507.00
				18,420.00
				95

20.76	26,746.50	717.00		85,003.70
00.00	25,600.00			100,685.00
60	1.04			84

49.10	14,589.00			148,006.37
00.00	14,000.00			154,960.00
1.24				

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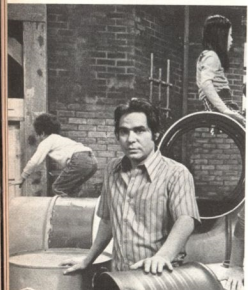
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Who's Afraid of Big, Bad TV?

CHILDHOOD is the only time and place that grows larger as it is left behind. Two weeks at the seashore appear, in memory, as a floodlit Oz. The first airplane ride might have been to Venus. The early hours spent with radio, TV and films are the foundation of adult imagination. Yet when children grow up, they suffer some sad amnesia of taste. How else could former kids provide television programs designed to do nothing with time but kill it—as if, in Thoreau's phrase, it were possible to kill time without injuring eternity? From the moment it was old enough to earn money, U.S. television has been squandering the country's greatest natural resource: the young audience.

Until last year. Abruptly, the electronic baby-sitter moved onto a street called Sesame. It was a combination of the circus, a classroom and the Brothers Grimm. At first it was suspected of merely looking brilliant, compared with the boring horrors of standard children's programming. Vulgarity and violence dominate children's video: mice endlessly bombing cats, family "comedies" with dumb daddies, mischievous kids and dogs who wag their way into your heart, all accompanied by commercials as intense as the Chinese water torture ("Be the first on your block . . . Ask Mommy to get some . . . New! Big! Free! Wow! WOW!"). By now, even the most cynical promoters have begun to realize that *Sesame Street* is no fluke and that it is excellent in its own right, not merely relative to the rest of the junior TV scene. In its new series, just begun, the program proves that it is not only the best children's show in TV history, it is one of the best parents' shows as well.

From the first, kids treated *Sesame Street* like the yellow brick road. Its heavy stress of cooperation over competition, its amalgam of the wholly familiar and the totally exotic were irresistible. It was only grownups who expressed doubts. And who could blame them? For openers, the Street looks as if a toy truck had overturned in Harlem. There is no Disneyesque nostalgia for the inaccessible past. The place is in the unavoidable present; the clothing of the cast is well worn, the umber colors and grit of inner-city life are vital components of the show. Some other main ingredients: a 7-ft. canary, Big Bird, who waddles around the set constantly making mistakes. He may be the only adult-sized object in the world that kids can feel superior to.

Monsters run the joint. There is, for instance, a bundle of fuzz with pingpong ball eyes and a sonic boom of a voice known only as Cookie Monster (no middle initial). His appetite is so fierce that, given a choice between ten thousand dollars and a cookie, he opts immediately for the latter. There are other

creatures on the show, like Bert and Ernie—humanoids with cartoon hands, three fingers and a thumb. Bert, who has one frowning eyebrow, chivvies Mutt-and-Jeff style with Ernie, a bulbous-nosed charmer whose favorite sport is sitting in the tub, rhapsodizing to his rubber duckie. Oscar the Grouch lives in a garbage can. There he fulminates, venting such mock aggressions that by comparison a child in a tantrum is Little Mary Sunshine.

The human "hosts" are four: a black couple, a bright-eyed Irish tenor and a crusty old man. Each is wholly individual, but like the monsters, they all find that no problem can be solved without cooperation. Four hands, they demonstrate, are better than two. In a series of instructional songs, they show that there is no such thing as solo harmony. The show is unsponsored, but it has commercials—rhythmic breaks in the action to "sell" the alphabet and numbers. Its chief target is "disadvantaged" children, its announced goal the teaching of "recognition of letters, numbers and simple counting ability; beginning reasoning skills, vocabulary and an increased awareness of self and the world." Its originator, Joan Ganz Cooney, now president of the Children's Television Workshop, created a McLuhanesque environment for the show without having read the man because, she admits, "I can't understand his writing." A profusion of aims, a confusion of techniques; how could such a show possibly succeed? Answer: spectacularly well.

Spend a Lot of Money

According to its first report card, prepared by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J. (TIME, Nov. 16), *Sesame Street* has been sharpening the cognitive skills of poor kids by as much as 62%. In its first series, the show reached almost 7,000,000 preschool children every day, five days a week. The *Rubber Duckie Song* was on the charts for nine weeks. Big Bird became one of Flip Wilson's first guests. *Sesame Street* won a Peabody Award, three Emmys and two dozen other prizes for excellence. Former Commissioner of Education James E. Allen saluted the show; President Nixon wrote a fan letter. Indeed, despite the show's announcements that it has been brought to you "by the Letter Y and the Number Three," *Sesame Street* has been backed like a Government bond, nurtured like a Broadway musical.

Sesame Street began in February 1966 at a dinner party given by Mrs. Cooney, then a producer for public television in Manhattan. Among the guests was Lloyd N. Morrisett, vice president of the Carnegie Corporation. Recalls Mrs. Cooney: "I was complaining about poor children's programming. Something



Sesame Street's biggest nonhuman star is Big Bird, operated from within by Puppeteer Carroll Spinney, who makes the animal seven feet tall by holding the costume over his head at arm's length. His hand operates the bird's mouth. Here Big Bird discusses the longest word in the world with *Sesame Street* regular, Susan (Loretta Long). The word: *abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*. At right, the Muppets demonstrate the meaning of another, shorter word.

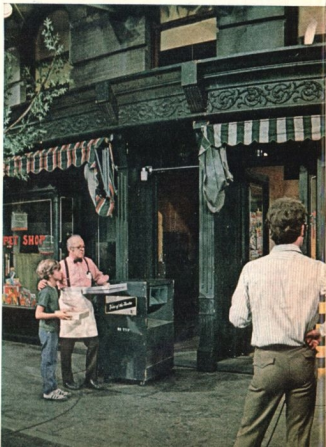
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BILL PIERCE





The Muppets build words from sounds in much the same way that children build houses from blocks.

The set, complete with brownstones, stores and alley, resembles a typical inner-city block.





Gordon (Matt Robinson) sprawls in *Sesame Street* playground built entirely of found objects (oil drums, old doors, scrap lumber). Above, Oscar the Grouch, whose home is an

extraordinary garbage can, lists his likes and dislikes for Mr. Hooper (Will Lee). Oscar's favorite things: trash, noise, rainy days. His peeves: ice cream, balloons, presents, kisses.



"Commercials" sell math fundamentals by giving digits personalities against brisk background music.







CAPTAIN KANGAROO & MOOSE



MISTER ROGERS & ELEPHANT



"ROMPER ROOM" SPELLING LESSON
No status to quo about.

clicked in Lloyd's mind: TV and preschoolers. Was I interested?" She was, fanatically—and shrewdly. By November, her report was submitted with the recommendation: "Spend a lot of money on this." It was hardly the first occasion that funders had heard such a plea. But it was the first time they had ever met a persuader of Mrs. Cooney's talents. By the time she was through, her Children's Television Workshop had been granted \$8,000,000 by the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Office of Education, and related Government agencies.

D-Licious

Mrs. Cooney consulted such diverse experts as psychologists and children's book illustrators. Dr. Edward L. Palmer, formerly an associate research professor in Oregon's state education system, worked with children across the country for 18 months, studying attention spans, areas of interest, eye movements. He and his researchers found that the most efficacious approach to learning fused the switches of commercial TV, the quick cuts from an-

imate to live action. Transitions were out. "We learned that what bores kids is too much time spent on any one subject," said Palmer. Also, "Sit and talk straight at them, and children think you're giving them Walter Cronkite."

So there is no anchor man on *Sesame Street*. Children wander through stores and around sidewalks, skipping rope and chatting with the hosts. Learning seems almost a byproduct of fun. Why lecture kids when you can wrap the lesson in a joke? Example: the cast passes around a Styrofoam letter J. Each one repeats, "J," until the object reaches Cookie Monster. He booms: "D." The cast choruses: "D?" Monster: "Licious!" And he eats it. Guest teachers drop in all the time. *Laugh-In's* Arte Johnson, in his traditional German helmet, discusses height: "Tall people bump their heads a lot and short people don't." Carol Burnett describes the various virtues of the nose, forgets one, and then remembers—just in time to sneeze. James Earl Jones recites the alphabet—so slowly that the kids impatiently shout the letters at the screen.

Sesame Street has the aura of ad lib, the spontaneity of a playground game with celebrities and characters. In fact, it is as meticulously planned as a semester at medical school. From Palmer's research department, program subjects flow to the production office, then get channeled to Head Writer Jeff

Moss, a veteran of the *Captain Kangaroo* show. Three weeks before taping, Moss and his writers develop a script. Theoretically, their ideal viewer is poor and culturally deprived. Actually, the show catches the preschooler almost before his society does. Thus *Sesame Street* is as popular with the well-to-do as it is with the slum dweller. The kids may spark to the astonishing variety of material, but no sketch is without its preordained aim. A game is played under the academic umbrella of "Environment and Multiple Classification." Jet-plane and subway sound effects are listed under "Auditory Discrimination." Big Bird settling an argument is designated "Different Perspectives."

When it is polished to a sheen, the written material goes to the puppeteers and the live actors, who customarily work on separate days—except for Oscar and Big Bird, who mix readily with humans. Five tape machines are used to record and edit the show—and to mix in the animation that was done earlier in Hollywood. About two weeks later, the show is aired, bloopers and all. Indeed, Producer Jon Stone is rather proud of the bloopers. When a kid on the show asked Folk Singer Leon Bibb in mid-chant, "How come you're sweatin'?", it was left in.

Strong Father Figure

Though *Sesame Street's* studio is modest—an old movie theater on Manhattan's upper Broadway—the budget is an impressive \$28,000 per show. Yet because of its wide popularity, the switched-on school reaches its audience at a cost of about a penny per child; "a bargain," says Dr. Benjamin Spock, "if I ever saw one."

The reasons for its popularity can be traced to the opening days of casting. Television puppeteers of genius can be counted on the fingers of Ernie's hand: Burr Tillstrom, who has his own NET series, *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*; Bill Baird, who operates a puppet theater in Greenwich Village and Jim Henson of *Sesame Street*. Fusing the best of puppets and marionettes, Henson coined the name and the creature, "Muppet." For six years, Henson's Muppets enjoyed a quiet, loyal following (including Joan Cooney) before they hit the big time

For 13 years, *Wonderama*, like many other kiddie shows, has worked audiences into frenzies, emphasizing the cardinal principle: It's not how you play the game, but whether you get the merchandise.

on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. On the *Street* where they now live, the Muppets no longer do guest shots. Operated by Henson and Associate Wizard Frank Oz, they eclipse the "real" actors. Big Bird, in fact, gets more fan mail than any of the human hosts.

No actor could be found with the proper mix of informality and authority to fill the role of Gordon, a black schoolteacher. The staff wanted someone like Matt Robinson, one of the show's producers, so Matt auditioned and won the part. He toned down his network accent, came on strong as the father figure many kids miss. So strong, in fact, that it emphasized the sweetness of Loretta Long, who plays his wife. She has been compared to a candy cordial, chocolate outside, syrup within. The rest of the cast is white: Bob McGrath, a singer with irrepressibly high spirits and

Puppets who make soup of chocolate and spinach; creatures who ask for a ukulele to be mended and then eat the instrument; a nose, like the one in Gogol's short story, that assumes a personality and speech when detached from a face—these are the touchstones of enchantment that reach far beyond ghettos.

The program obeys an iron law of show business: the greater the hit, the louder the detractors. Marshall McLuhan, in a sense the show's godfather, considers the whole thing naive. "Kids have graduated far beyond *Sesame Street*," he declares. "TV has already exposed them to the lethal adult world, they know about that now, and that's why they have no intention of growing up. They know that adult life brings the biggest game of all; whether it's *Manix* or *Mission: Impossible*, it's all man

manhole." From the New Left comes the criticism that since the show's emphasis is on achievement—learning letters and numbers—it is merely the bottom rung on the escalator to Charles Reich's *Consciousness II*. From the Old Guard comes the suspicion that the "switched-on" classroom is aimed at the eventual displacement of the teacher by an unsalaried cathode-ray tube.

In conversation with *TIME* Correspondent Mary Cronin, Mrs. Cooney countered her critics: "McLuhan believes that content is irrelevant. I say, arrant nonsense. Can we doubt that if every time a commercial came on for the last 20 years and it said, 'go to church,' it wouldn't have had a profound effect?" Toward traditionalists, Mrs. Cooney is reassuring: "TV has a very important role to play in education. Still, it's just a big cold box, and just can't replace a loving teacher who cares about a child."

State of Dishability

On the New Left, she is less patient: "Why do they think black parents are striking the schools? Education is not a middle-class value, it's the way to self-respect. The problem with the New Left in this country is that it has no historical roots. It's made up of upper-middle-class kids." On the relative blandness of the people v. the puppets: "Our target kids have enough conflict in their lives. We want our hosts to be an integrated group who treat each other with kindness and respect."

Mrs. Cooney, however, has responded to some criticism. She accepted a suggestion from the National Organization for Women, and in the new series, former Housewife Susan has a job as a nurse. Mrs. Cooney also admits that in *Sesame Street*'s first year, "the children were too manipulated; the show was too tightly programmed to allow for surprises. Now, even if it means dropping a piece of animation, we are giving time for freer dialogue with the children." The new director, Bob Myhrum, has given the show a more spontaneous air; actors blow cues, the familiar street is full of passers-by, the set now seems a real neighborhood caught in a state of dishability.

Almost every critic felt that the animated spots were overly repetitive, even for commercials, and Mrs. Cooney agrees; this year there will be less repetition. In response to complaints from inside and outside the staff that the show's approach was too Waspy for its audience, Mrs. Cooney has approved a more emphatic ethnic style. A black Muppet, Roosevelt Franklin, has become a star. Miguel (Jaime Sanchez), a Spanish-speaking actor, will be an occasional host. The show will also be less male-oriented: a female writer has been added to give it a more feminine slant.

Even the Muppets were affected by alterations. For the first time in their history, one is being canned for selling



SCHOOLCHILDREN WITH "SESAME STREET" CARTOONS
The greater the hit, the louder the detractors.

voice; and Will Lee, an actor whose years on the McCarthy era blacklist made him perhaps more aware of deprivation. "I was delighted to take the role of Mr. Hooper, the gruff grocer with the warm heart," recalls Lee. "It's a big part, and it allows a lot of latitude. But the show has something extra—that sense you sometimes get from great theater, the feeling that its influence never stops."

The show's repeated numbers, its A-is-for-Ape approach, could make it only an electronic classroom, hammering data across. But there is something more: a Lewis Carroll-like humor, the cleansing sense of the absurd.

In its first series, *Sesame Street* used two clowns, Buddy and Jim, to illustrate problem solving. They were a walking Polish joke, one lifting and turning the other to screw in a light bulb, refusing a nail because it was turned the wrong way. In its new series, Big Bird helps Susan set the table—by putting the saucers on top of the cups. No child in the world would make that mistake—but every child delights in its ludicrousness.

hunting. TV is the cyclops, the eye of the man hunter."

In short, McLuhanesque gloom as usual; the juggernaut future is here, so let us all lie down. But as Lewis Mumford indicates in *The Pentagon of Power*, what McLuhan is asking for is utter human docility. "The goal is total cultural dissolution—or what McLuhan characterizes as a 'tribal communism'—McLuhan's public relations euphemism for totalitarian control." Thus *Sesame Street* is indeed opposed to the message, if not the medium, of the Master. The show's civilized magic and surrealism seek to increase a child's sense of himself, to dilate his imagination and his capacities.

Far more cogent criticism of the show comes from Urie Bronfenbrenner, professor of psychology at Cornell University. "The children [on the show] are charming. Among the adults there are no cross words, no conflicts, no difficulties, nor, for that matter, any obligations or visible attachments," he says. "The old, the ugly or the unwanted is simply made to disappear through a

BILL PIERCE

The mother got over her rubella in three days.
Unfortunately, her unborn child didn't.



To pregnant mothers, rubella (German measles) means a few days in bed, a sore throat, a runny nose, temperature, and a rash.

But if they're in their first month when they catch it, there's a 40% chance that to their unborn babies it can mean deafness, or a heart condition, or brain damage, or cataracts which cause at least partial blindness.

Only last year, an immunization against rubella became available. But when a pregnant mother

gets immunized, the prevention may be as harmful to her baby as the disease.

So if unborn babies are going to be protected, it will have to be by inoculating the kids who infect the mothers who in turn infect the fetuses.

And it will have to be done now.

You see, rubella epidemics break out every six to nine years. The last outbreak was in 1964. Which means the next one is due any day now.

In the last epidemic, 20,000 babies were deprived of a normal childhood—and 30,000 more deprived of any childhood at all—because no immunization existed.

It would be unforgivable if the same thing happened again because an immunization existed and nobody used it.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

out. Kermit the Frog is being canned for commercialism. When *Sesame Street* was just a glint in Joan Cooney's eye, Kermit taped a special in Canada. When it was given a network airing, the frog was compromised. Or so Henson decided. Like Jim Thorpe, Kermit played for money, and now must relinquish his amateur standing. He is being phased out of the show. He will be replaced by such Muppets as Lecturer Herbert Birdsfoot and Sherlock Hemlock, a bumbling sleuth.

Daring Small Changes

The *Street's* most significant alterations may be occurring in other neighborhoods merchandising other letters—like ABC, NBC and CBS. For the first time, all three networks have appointed vice presidents of children's programming. NBC cuts into Saturday morning programming with one-minute Pop Ups, spots designed to teach the use of letters. CBS has three-minute mini-documentaries called *In The Know*, featuring Josie and the Pussycats. ABC has announced a 1971 series, *Curiosity Shop*, produced by Cartoonist Chuck Jones (Roadrunner, Bugs Bunny).

Has *Sesame Street* really wrought profound changes in commercial TV—or merely defensive cosmetics? Says a *Workshop* executive, who was formerly a network programmer: "The networks appointed the veeeps to keep the mothers' groups quiet. None of the men has anything to do with buying kids' TV shows. Listen, the networks are delighted with *Sesame Street*. They figure if it's around, they won't really have to do anything." Sociologist Wilbur Schramm, whose specialty is communications, agrees: "The media dare small changes, but not fundamental ones; their whole impact is to retain the status quo."

Until now, that status has been nothing to quib about. One of the most beloved legends of radio concerned Uncle Don of WOR radio who finished a broadcast and sighed à la W.C. Fields: "That should hold the little bastards." The mike had been left open, the little bastards' parents wrote in, and Uncle Don's autogiro never again set down on the roof of Bamberger's department store. In a sense, that minuscule conflict has occurred ever since. Cynicism has animated most children's shows, from *Howdy Doody* to *Magilla Gorilla*. Bozo the Clown uttered fatuities between pitches in the '50s. The golden age of the '50s brought such entertainment as *Kid Gloves* (little boys boxing with gloves that "couldn't hurt") and *Grand Chance Roundup*, which gave the winner a one-week shot at the Pier groups in Atlantic City.

In the '60s, the networks let Nietzsche take its course: the superhero abounded. *Birdman* pulverized wrongs with solar power. *Spider Man* flung his webs around the villains. *The Fantastic Four* included The Thing, a repulsive

brute who destroyed his enemies by stomping on them. Some cartoon shows dispensed with animation entirely. *Marine Boy* showed a static caricatured face with human lips that spoke the lines.

Such on-the-air pollution continued until the Kennedy and King assassinations caused a tide of parental and congressional revulsion from violence. By that time, broadcasters had evolved a highly sensible plan. If "adult" evening programming was immature, why not allow it to rerun during the children's hours, where it might meet its intellectual level? Thus the *Flintstones'* "Pa's a Sap" approach now runs every day. *Bewitched* is a daily staple; so are *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *F Troop*. Today the rerun is no longer a method of picking up the small change; it is programmed into children's video. An animated segment costs the networks about \$60,000. The cost is amortized over a period of two years—which includes five reruns. Anything after that is gravy. The gravy stains are spotted on the endlessly repeated *Jetsons*, *Huckleberry Hound*, *Yogi Bear*, *Top Cat*.

Get Your Friends Up Tight

Not all the shows have been triumphs of vulgarity—just most of them. In between the mice-bombing-the-cat and Samantha-fixes-the-plumbing repeats, there has been some tasteful and educational fare. *Mr. I Magination* took kids on gentle fictional trips, won awards—and lost sponsorship. The science-oriented *Mr. Wizard* lasted 14 years, was canceled in 1965. *Ding Dong School*, starring Dr. Frances Horwich, was a gentle, preschool program that provided a nannyish instructor for a babysitter. She, too, became an unreplaced dropout.

The reasons were always pathetically simple. A commercial spot on a weekend morning costs a sponsor an average \$7,500. For that kind of money he wants lots of zeros behind the sales figures. Nothing could be harder than the sell for G.I. Joe with his own flamethrower; for Dune Buggy Wheelies ("Man, they're out of sight . . . get your friends up tight"); for seven bendable, flexible outer spacemen. For those sponsors, the action is in canned-laughter series or manic cartoon shows that are allowed up to 16 minutes of commercials per hour—double the usual rate allowed by the National



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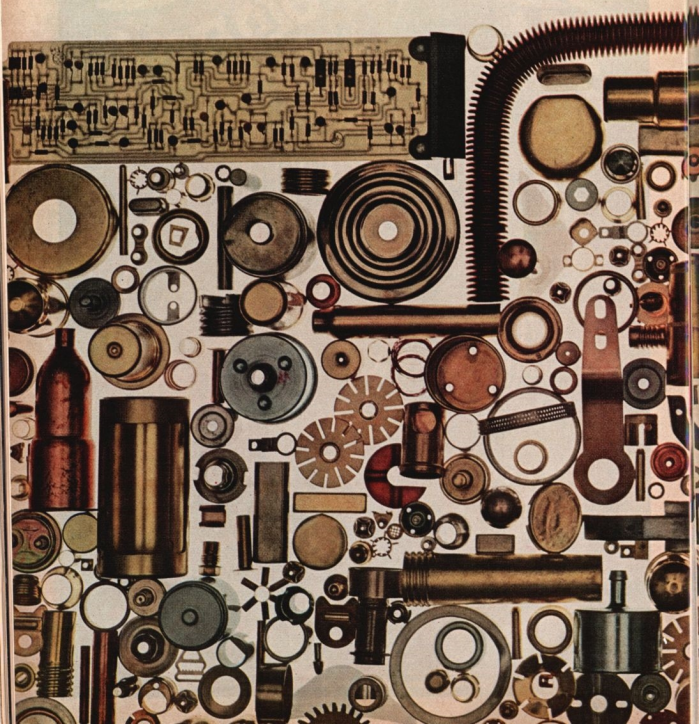
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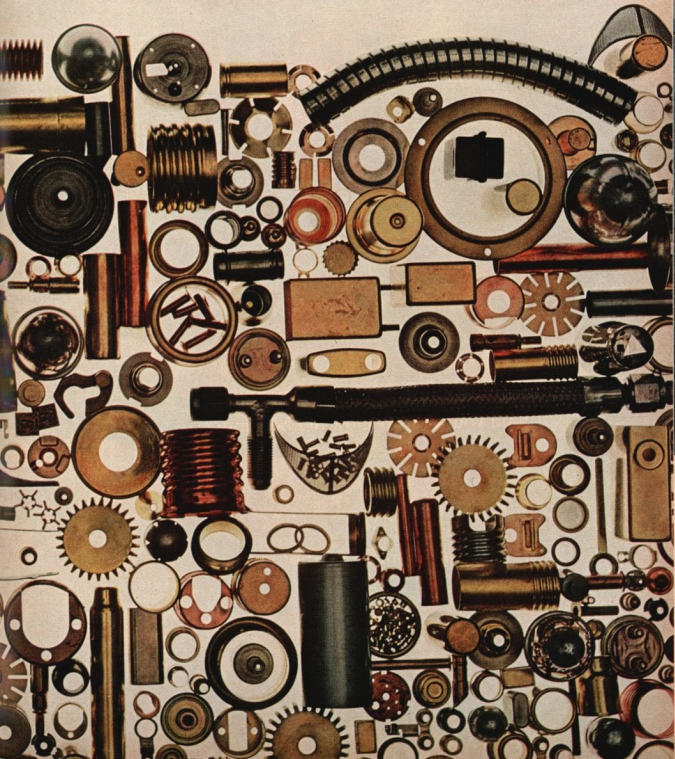
Shown: The American Eagle Flask. Circa 1940, from the Ezra Brooks' series of 4 Historic American Flask reproductions. Others include: Old Ironsides, Miss Liberty, Civil War Commemorative.

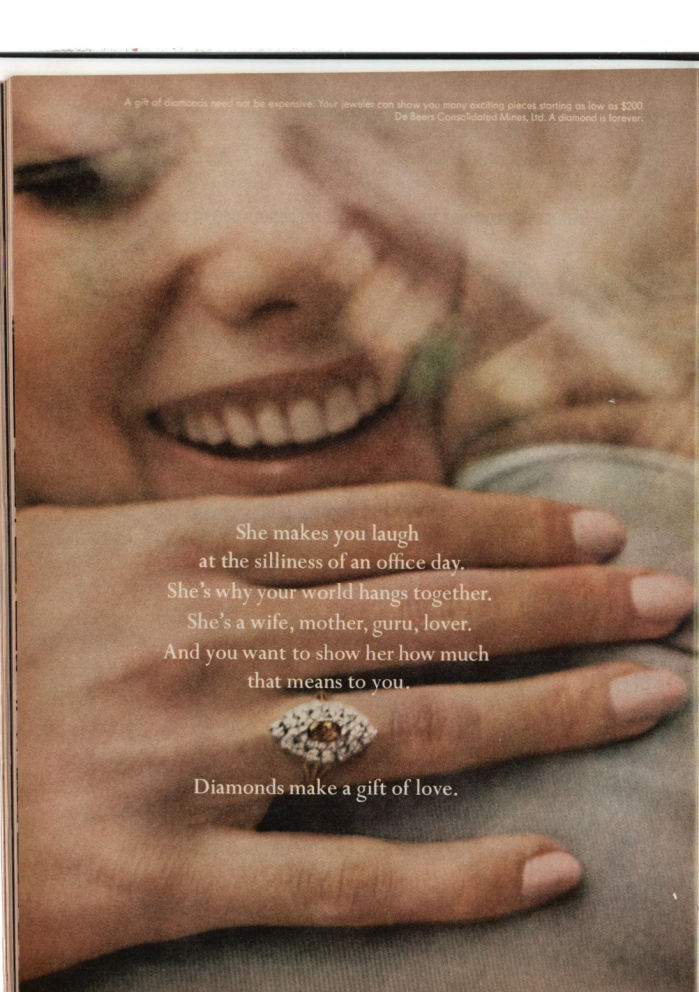
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Association of Broadcasters Code. Enlightenment? It belongs in the classroom, or TV's own ghetto, the UHF channels.

Today, kids who cross the Street and wander to other channels have a narrow choice. Some typical programs:

Romper Room (Syndicated): Many advertisers nourish the impossible dream of an hour-long commercial. Few realize that it is already here in *Romper Room*. Action for Children's Television, a pressure group of Massachusetts parents, once complained to Bert Claster, the show's producer, about its treatment of children as consumers in training, programmed to buy only the *Romper Room* brands of toys. Replied Claster: "This is commercial television, isn't it?" Indeed it is.

Captain Kangaroo (CBS): Now in his 16th season, the Captain (Bob Keeshan) has never set his sights above 3 ft. 5 in. Says he: "Most people are doing children's shows until something better comes along. I never had a desire to do programs for adults. Children are a very warm audience." Keeshan (formerly Clarabelle the Clown on *Howdy Doody*) uses the Walter Cronkite approach, addressing the camera directly. His Milton mood indicates that if the sky were falling, it would be about as important as a broken crayon. The gentleness tends to reassure parents, but children are more often caught up in the lively puppet sequences by Cosmo Alegretti. "We program the gentle side of life," claims Keeshan, an approach that includes gentle lead-ins to cereal, toy, shoe, and game commercials.

Archie's Fun House (CBS): Filmmaking is a leading producer of Saturday-morning TV with 2½ hours, including that masterwork of animated fatuity, *Will the Real Jerry Lewis Stand Up?* Both *Jerry* and *Archie* are marked by strong anti-intellectualism (teachers are dumb or sadistic; scientists talk with burlesque accents). Both shows are lavishly produced, but *Archie* shows bigger profits by far. Incorporating all the old malt-shop wit of the comic strip, the hour-long marathon features film clips of kids giggling, and promotes rock-Muzak—two of the songs have sold more than a million copies. Yet the *Archie* studio is skilled enough to do some sparkling letter "commercials" for *Sesame Street*. Studio Head Norman Prescott, who has learned that you can have your buck and pass it, too, explains: "It all starts and ends with the network. We might prefer to teach, but nobody is buying that from us."

H.R. Pufnstuf and *The Bugaloos* (NBC) represent a vigorous attempt to utilize the freedom of cartoons, the whimsy of puppets and real actors. Heavily costumed, a group of slapstickers carom off each other, accompanied by raucous witches. The shows are uneven, but their comedy is genuine. The producers, Sid and Marty Krofft, are fifth-generation puppeteers whose initial success was the spicy adult show *Poupées de Paris*. Today several

Krofft troupes tour the country. Claims Sid Krofft: "We were an adults-only show, and when the whole world went tits, we decided to go back to children. We're not in politics and we're not educators. We're here to entertain."

Wonderama (Syndicated) is a 13-year-old, three-hour-long, Every Bloody Sunday party, encouraging kids to every capital sin except lust. An affable man offscreen, Host Bob McAllister manically encourages kids to spray each other with whipped cream, or to play musical pies—last one to stop at a cut-out target gets a faceful. Everyone in the 120-child audience receives at least half a dozen gifts—and a chance to wave at the folks back home. During the six-hour taping, the kids are given soda and ice cream (sandwiches were once dispensed, but too many kids threw up from excitement). Brand names are reeled off at a rate that seems like two

ed as a person of intelligence and sensitivity—unlike the audiences on most rival shows. "It is no secret that commercial children's TV has reached an all-time low," Rogers testified at Senate hearings last year. "At best, most of these programs are a waste; at worst, some of them encourage pathology."

Plato's Cave

Even the worst shows are occasionally capable of enlightenment—and even enlightenment. "Besides," says a major Hollywood packager, "it's not fair to compare commercial programming and *Sesame Street*. Give me \$8,000,000, and I can come up with educational programming too." But ABC's Chuck Jones sees *Sesame Street* much the same way kids do—as an entryway. "O.K., *Sesame Street* isn't perfect," he says. "But it began something. Walt Disney opened up character animation. *Sesame Street* opened children's TV to taste and wit and substance. It made the climate right for improvement."

Adds David Frost: "Americans tend to believe that everything foreign is better than anything American. But *Sesame Street* is the best children's program I've ever seen. It is true international TV. And it's a hit everywhere it goes." By next year, everywhere will include 50 countries, including Japan and South America and the Philippines. Foreign versions are being prepared; by 1971, it will have a side street—a program aimed at children seven to eleven, teaching reading and writing.

How far will *Sesame Street*'s influence reach?

Perhaps only as far as the door of the networks, and no farther. Kids get the TV their parents deserve, and unless the public raises its voice, there is little reason to expect lasting change. But there is reason for optimism in the fact that the U.S. has begun to understand, and to measure, TV's power over the imagination as well as over behavior. It is, of course, irresponsible to make TV the heavy in every social psychodrama, from urban uprisings to the Viet Nam War. Yet who can dispute that television—day and nighttime—is a child's sixth sense of the world? Watching a child wide-eyed before the screen, who can doubt the anecdote of Plato's cave, where creatures were chained forever watching shadow play, while the true world moved outside?

If U.S. children are to gain some undistorted knowledge of society, and of themselves, television must change. Producers could do no better than stroll by *Sesame Street*, or better still, watch the way a child creates worlds of power and imagination—by drawing flat but seeing round.



COOKIE MONSTER
No middle initial.

per minute—plus commercials. The show is so successful that *Wonderama* gets 4,000 requests for admission each month. Presumably, a parent registers a child for Grotton and *Wonderama* upon birth: a kid must wait four years to get on camera.

Mister Rogers' Neighborhood (NET): "You make each day a special day by just your being you," announces Fred Rogers on each show. The message could be written in Karo syrup, but behind the modulated tones there is a calculation and a moral. Rogers, 41, is an ordained Presbyterian minister with ten years of broadcasting experience. His goal, he says, is to "help children recognize jealousy, rage, sadness and trust as facets of loving and being loved." His NET program is, in the deepest sense, a Christian show, aimed at a reassurance and realization. A typical song speaks of nakedness, "some are fancy on the inside, some are fancy on the outside"; a typical low-keyed show is devoted to a trip to a hospital or to the barber. In each case, the child is treat-

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SPORT

George Blanda Is Alive and Kicking

One week before the opening of the 1970 season, the Oakland Raiders placed Quarterback George Blanda on waivers. George waited and waited. Then, when none of the other 25 teams in the National Football League offered to sign him, he went back to practicing with the Raiders' taxi squad. It did not seem to matter that Blanda had scored more points (1,477), kicked more field goals (240), booted more extra points (703) and completed more passes in one game (37) than any player in the history of professional football. He had just turned 43, and as the oldest player in the game, he was the first to admit: "My age is against me. A team has to look for younger players."

Over the Fingertips. In overlooking Blanda, the Pittsburgh Steelers, Kansas City Chiefs and Cleveland Browns, among others, only succeeded in looking foolish. Three weeks ago, after the Steelers had knocked the Raiders' starting quarterback, Daryle Lamonia, out of the game with a back injury, old rumpoly George took over and fired three touchdown passes, kicked three extra points and added a field goal to demolish the Steelers 31-14. Two weeks ago, with the World Champion Chiefs leading 17-14 in a battle for the division lead, Blanda came off the bench to attempt a 48-yd. field goal with just three seconds remaining. The Chiefs stationed 6-ft. 9-in. Tight End Morris Stroud at the goal post to try to jump up and block the ball on its downward flight. Blanda kicked, Stroud leaped, and the ball sailed inches over his fingertips—and over the crossbar. The Raiders had a 17-17 tie and the lead in their division.

Blanda's heroics against the Steelers and the Chiefs were just a warm-up for his performance against the Browns last week. With four minutes remaining and the Browns leading 20-13, Lamonia left the game with an injured shoulder. On came George to move his offense 70 yards in seven plays. Blanda hit Wide Receiver Warren Wells with a 14-yd. scoring pass to tie the game 20-20 with 1 min. 34 sec. remaining. Then after the Raiders regained the ball on an interception, George completed his seventh pass of the afternoon to set up another last-ditch field-goal attempt with just three seconds left. This time, though, the goal post was 52 yds. away, a distance that Blanda had equaled or surpassed only three times in his 21-year pro career.* Undaunted, he got all of his 218 lbs. into the kick and boomed

a high end-over-ender that won the game 23-20. Said George: "I put a little more rear end into the kick than usual."

Not Even a Shoe. Blanda has been getting his kicks in pro football ever since 1949 when he joined the Chicago Bears and played with such venerable old fry as Sid Luckman and Bulldog Turner. Son of a Youngwood, Pa., coal miner, George was signed out of the University of Kentucky for a measly \$600—which Bear Coach George Halas demanded that he pay back if he made the team. He made it, playing linebacker and filling in as quarterback and place kicker. Never happy under Halas ("He was too cheap to even buy me a kicking shoe"), Blanda

RON HUSTON



BLANDA BOOTING
Let's don't talk about age.

came into his own when he switched to the American Football League and led the Houston Oilers to the championship in 1960 and 1961. Rescued from possible retirement in 1967 by the Raiders, he reciprocated by leading the A.F.L. in scoring that year with 116 points; so far this season, he has completed 14 of 24 passes for four touchdowns and kicked 24 extra points and eleven field goals to lead Raider scorers with a total of 57 points.

"The guy almost embarrasses you," says Raider Center Jim Otto. "He's out there, 43 years old, running the wind sprints, yelling all the time, coming in to pull it out for us." Adds Coach John Madden: "I don't even think of George's age. If we need him, he's ready. Besides, I'm the coach and I'm 34, so I'd rather not discuss ages." Neither would Blanda, who earns \$40,000 a year and says he will keep playing "as long as I can walk to the bank."

* That same afternoon, the New Orleans Saints' Tom Dempsey, who was born without a right hand and only half a right foot, upset the Detroit Lions 19-17 in the final two seconds with a field goal that traveled 63 yds., seven yds. farther than the old record of 56 yds. set in 1953.



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THE LAW

Massachusetts v. Viet Nam

The Supreme Court has steadfastly refused to debate the legality of U.S. participation in the Viet Nam War. Three Army privates could not tempt the court with the issue in 1967, when they tried to block their orders for shipment to Viet Nam; last week the court rejected another challenge by the most powerful courtroom protester yet—the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Last spring the Massachusetts legislature passed a bill designed to bring a suit before the court challenging Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's right to wage undeclared war. By a 6-3 vote, the Justices brushed aside the effort of Massachusetts to bring the suit directly before them. The court majority apparently was swayed by Government arguments that Massachusetts lacked standing to bring suit on behalf of its citizens and that the issues involved too many potential political repercussions. In a passionate dissent, Justice William Douglas assailed the notion that the question was too political for the court to handle. Said Douglas: "The question of an unconstitutional war is neither academic nor 'political.'"

Second-Guessing. Despite its reluctance to second-guess other branches of Government, the court has often done just that even in sensitive cases. In 1952, it overruled President Truman's unilateral seizure of the strike-threatened steel industry during the Korean War. Last year the court held that Congress

had unlawfully excluded Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell Jr. from the House—and the ruling stuck.

None of this is likely to comfort Massachusetts Attorney General Robert Quinn. Because of last week's turndown, Quinn must now take his case to the federal district court. His chances of success there have not been helped by the Supreme Court's action.

The Government as Bookie

Despite the great lesson of Prohibition, the U.S. is still trying to legislate morality with laws that are all but impossible to enforce. It is bad enough that the effort fails. Worse, it helps finance organized crime, a vast consumer industry that supplies millions of Americans with outlawed goods and services. On gambling alone, the Mob now nets as much as \$10 billion a year—seed money for narcotics distribution, loan-sharking and bribes for corrupt lawmen who look the other way.

The only solution is to legalize gambling and let the Government handle it. So argues Carl M. Loeb Jr., a metallurgical engineer and president of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, a voluntary citizens group dedicated to curbing crime. In recent testimony before a House subcommittee, Loeb urged the Federal Government to face reality and set up a nationwide gambling operation.

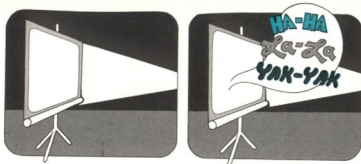
In Loeb's scheme, computers would monitor the odds for all U.S. sporting events, detect suspicious swings of big



How to Psych Speeders

TO slow down speeders in Japan, where traffic accidents now kill 47 people a day, the police have taken to psychological warfare by planting dummy cops near intersections and in the bushes along country roads. The police claim that 99% of motorists hit the brakes when

they spot the dummies, especially at night when headlights make the fakes look all the more realistic. U.S. police could doubtless achieve the same effect—and save manpower—if they put dummy cops in prowler cars, parked along highways, with their red dome lights blinking.



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money and thus discourage fixes. Customers could dial a bet and have the transaction entered on their phone bills. The Government would not pay bribes, which cost the Mob about \$2 billion a year. It could make winnings tax-free and still get by with a 10% to 20% rake-off—less than half the Mob's reported take. In short, the Government could offer better odds. As Loeb figures it, the Government might net \$15 billion a year—enough to pay almost a quarter of the Pentagon's budget.

Irrepressible Instinct. Loeb's notions may be less radical than they seem. Already scores of countries have introduced some form of nationwide legalized gambling. New York and New Hampshire are trying to outdo the numbers racket and pick up extra revenue with their own lotteries. New Jersey is due to follow suit. Pennsylvania uses horse-race betting to help finance both private and public schools. In January, New York City will start a computerized off-track betting service that may branch into other sports as well. Last week the country's top odds-maker, Jimmy ("The Greek") Snyder of Las Vegas, pronounced the New York scheme "a prohibitive favorite to make money."

Gambling is an irrepressible instinct and a national passion, Loeb warns, so there is no acceptable alternative to Government control. Unless gambling profits are channeled into public coffers, he demonstrated statistically, "organized crime will have a trillion dollars 15 years from now, which means those people will own the country."

Bare Decision

When 60 applicants took a written test for the Baltimore police force last year, the top scorer was John Jerome Bruns III, a 30-year-old clerk. With his high marks and unswerving reputation in the community, Bruns appeared to be a cinch to don the blue uniform. Then Bruns disclosed that in private life he had little use for clothes, let alone uniforms. He and his family were enthusiastic members of Pine Tree Associates—a local nudist club.

Baltimore Police Commissioner Donald Pomerleau swiftly rejected Bruns' application. He contended that the presence of a nudist on his force would affect department morale, to say nothing of causing Bruns to face "intolerable" harassment by his fellow officers. Besides, said Pomerleau, Bruns might be torn between duty and conscience when making vice arrests—say, for indecent exposure.

Rejecting Pomerleau's theories, a U.S. district court in Baltimore has ruled that Bruns is eligible to be a cop. Chief Judge Edward Northrop found no evidence that the practice of nudism would hinder Bruns from carrying out his duties as a police officer. Without such evidence, said the court, the Baltimore police department's ban against nudists clearly violated the First Amendment right to free association.

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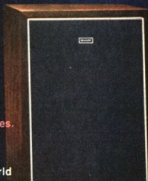
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EDUCATION

Man in the Middle

Hardly anyone seemed more dazed by the killing of four students at Kent State University than President Robert I. White. He was speechless even when an Ohio grand jury blamed the tragedy on Kent's "permissiveness" rather than the National Guardsmen who did the shooting. But he had reason for silence: the presiding judge forbade him and 300 others who testified from making any "critical comments." Last week, six days after a federal judge removed his legal gag, White spoke out with a blast at what he views as a new threat looming on U.S. campuses.

"The time has come when we must begin saying some of the things that were said in the 1950s, come hell or high water," White told a national meeting of educators in Washington, D.C. Clearly incensed by the grand jury's conclusions—disputed by both a Justice Department report and the Scranton Commission—White called them a "local manifestation of a brewing national disaster." They reveal a "frightening misunderstanding of higher education." Colleges cannot shelter lawbreakers, said White, but neither can they become places "where ideas—no matter how offensive—are to be suppressed."

No Hearing. Until now, crusading was hardly White's style. He was noted more for prudence and hesitancy. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Chicago, White, 61, was dean of Kent's College of Education for twelve years before becoming president in 1963. At first he tried to inform Ohioans about the new realities of youthful alienation and black militancy. But the town of Kent (pop. 30,000) grew increasingly impatient with protests. White leaned toward a harder line.

Two years ago, Kent's black students and S.D.S. members staged a sit-in to protest recruiters from the Oakland, Calif., police department. White branded the action "intolerable." In the spring of 1969, he suspended officers of the S.D.S. chapter. When angry students responded by occupying a building, police made 58 arrests. Before any of the accused were tried, White suspended them without a hearing.

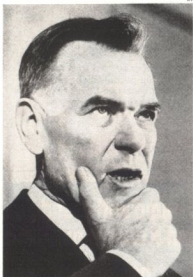
During last May's fateful weekend, White remained away from the campus until two nights of disorder had passed. When he finally returned, he shrank from meetings with students. He made no attempt to dissuade the National Guard from breaking up the potentially volatile noon demonstration on the third day of turmoil. By the time the Guardsmen began shooting, White had retreated to lunch in a restaurant a mile away.

White has since lost 50 lbs. and shown signs of intense emotional pressure. Well aware that Ohioans generally approve the grand jury's findings, he declared in

a letter sent to parents this fall, that "all forms of undesirable behavior can no longer be tolerated." He has refused to move ROTC off campus or curtail Pentagon-funded research.

Even so, the grand jury report was more than White could sit still for. Compounding his reaction was a flood of depressing mail, such as a recent letter from a Cleveland woman who declared: "They should have killed 400 of them." Backed by votes of confidence from his faculty senate and trustees, White resolved to speak out against "extremists."

White is not alone. At the same meeting where he spoke last week, Notre Dame's President Theodore M. Hesburgh said much the same thing. John C. Weaver, president-elect of the Uni-



KENT STATE PRESIDENT WHITE
From prudence to crusading.

versity of Wisconsin, warned that punitive anti-student legislation "can very quickly become control of the thought process." Last month Duke University's President Terry Sanford told the American Council on Education that colleges "must assume the offensive" against those who turn their "confused resentment" against higher education.

Vacancy at Berkeley

For six years, Berkeley's chancellor, Roger Heyns, 52, did his best to cool down the original hotbed of U.S. student activism. Last year he was unfairly blamed for the way police handled student demands that one of the university's empty lots be turned into a "people's park." While zealously removing demonstrators, the police and National Guardsmen left one man dead, 150 people injured and nearly 900 arrested, many of them innocent bystanders. But apart from that crisis, Heyns was widely admired for starting an eth-

nic studies program, aiding poor students and dealing fairly and firmly with both radicals and the conservative board of regents. This fall, Berkeley has been remarkably peaceful—and academically as good as ever.

Last week Heyns announced his resignation. He is leaving partly because of a mild heart attack last summer, partly to gain relief from grueling 16-hour days, partly to end the frustrations of coping with Governor Ronald Reagan's majority on the board of regents. Above all, this fall's calm gave him a chance to leave without appearing to quit under fire and to return to his old job as professor of psychology and education at the University of Michigan. His exit confronts the troubled, nine-campus University of California with a second hard-to-fill vacancy. The other is the chancellorship at San Diego, which William J. McGill left two months ago to become president of Columbia University. So far, neither San Diego's faculty nor California's regents have been able to find a good man willing to become McGill's successor. Finding another Heyns for Berkeley may be just as difficult.

Child Guerrillas?

The children of Haverhill, Mass. (pop. 45,000), are victims of neither poverty nor permissiveness. They are mostly sons and daughters of upright workers in the shoe factories of a New England mill town 40 miles north of Boston. Yet in the past month two anonymous notes from a "people's revolutionary tribunal" have been sent to the local school committee, threatening "death by bombing." Three high school boys, aged 15 and 16, have been arrested and charged with the manufacture and possession of "infernal machines" found in their basements.

So far, no buildings have actually been bombed in Haverhill (pronounced *Hay-vrill*). The evidence against the boys consists of 21 outside firecrackers, each one inch in diameter and four inches long. Nonetheless, rumors of "revolution" have swept the city and sharply split the generations. Police Chief William Ross, 59, has ignored Mayor James Waldron's request for silence about the case ("Rhetoric will not solve problems"). Ross asserts that the basement chemists are linked to the writers of the threatening notes, and he has informed the populace of a "plot" to blow up the police station and high school. "There is a lot involved in this case and it is becoming larger and more complex," he says. "I don't know how big this is going to get." He has hauled at least 30 other youngsters in for questioning.

Under Siege. In fact, bomb threats are common in towns near Haverhill. Saugus High School was closed three days this fall as a result. When a telephone threat interrupted Senator Edward Kennedy's campaign visit at Stoneham High last month, the weary principal announced that the school would be cleared "for the usual reason." Last



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week mysterious fires damaged high schools in Woburn and Chelsea.

As a result, many Haverhill citizens believe Chief Ross's intimations that the town is under siege by a children's guerrilla movement. Homeowners have installed new locks on their doors; parents have taken to seeing all long-haired kids as Weathermen.

The city's edginess started last spring when about two dozen of Haverhill's 2,400 high school students tried to lead a demonstration against the Cambodian invasion and the Kent and Jackson State killings. They were beaten by members of the football team while police quietly watched. This fall, they put out an underground paper called the *Mad Hatter*. According to a local attorney, the school committee reacted to its four-letter words "as if they had come on the first copy of *Das Kapital*." The members banned the sheet from the school, calling it "filth" and "insanity."

Cattle Bin. No one has yet proved that a conspiracy really exists. "The basic problem here is paranoia," insists Lawyer Norman Brisson, whose firm represents one of the young defendants. "I don't believe our kids have ever met a Weatherman." Other citizens have begun to wonder if the letters and explosives may not be just sick pranks. Since one device had "school" written on it, many young people agree with a self-styled radical student: "That was a joke. The school is run like a cattle bin. We've got to change it, and if we have to use violence we will. But only a fool would think we're stupid enough to make the stuff in a basement and then put the name of our targets on it."

Some facts may eventually emerge from a closed juvenile court hearing next month. But the suspicions fanned by the incident may not subside for years. Says the father of one boy who was questioned recently: "It's a witch hunt. You don't know what's going to happen; there are names being bandied about and scare rumors. Who knows how much evidence there is? It gets your stomach in a knot."

Stowing the Manly Oar

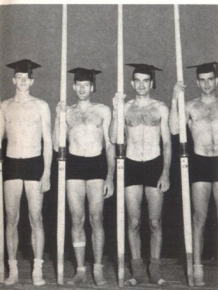
As the oldest (118 years), most grueling U.S. college sport, rowing long attracted zealous spartans who inspired the term crew cut and spent their alumni years flocking to regattas in blazers, white flannels and white bucks. Hired three years ago as head crew coach at Columbia University, Bill Stowe, 27, seemed just the disciplinarian to maintain tradition—until he crossed oars with the new student generation.

A member of champion crews at Cornell, Stowe had stroked Philadelphia's amateur Vesper Boat Club to a gold medal in the 1964 Olympics and kept in shape by rowing on the Saigon River while a Navy lieutenant. He extolled crew as a way to learn the virtues of "discipline, sacrifice, teamwork and sportsmanship in an atmosphere of men." At Columbia, he said, crew should be a ref-

uge for "white-hat" fugitives from the creeping culture of "cruddy weirdo slob."

Who Wants 'Em? On a day of mourning for Martin Luther King, Stowe called a double practice. "If I got killed," he said, "I'd want everything to go on normally." During Columbia's 1968 campus uprising, he led 100 policemen through underground tunnels against the protesters. He ordered his white hats to use clean words and wear short hair: "I didn't particularly want our squad to be called 'the hippie crew.' I told 'em I wanted to be proud to be the Columbia coach."

But Stowe found his oarsmen buffeted by more than the polluted Harlem River. "Sleep is crucial," he laments, "but today a guy is likely to have a drug freak playing a stereo all night in the next room. One guy roomed

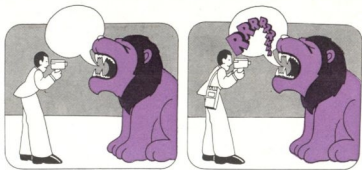


TRADITIONAL IVY LEAGUE CREW, 1947
Men, not slob.

with a kid who killed himself with an overdose; it was fairly unnerving."

Although Columbia's crew improved, the supply of willing oarsmen dwindled. "Columbia may be a good place for radical liberals and what have you," says Stowe, "but they don't come down to the boathouse, and when they do come, you're not sure you want 'em." Last year the varsity lightweight squad was seeded sixth out of 15 in the crucial Eastern sprints. But the crew skipped the races to join the protest over Cambodia and Kent State. For 18 places on the freshman squad, the turnout dropped from 70 two years ago to 20 this fall.

Now Stowe has quit his Columbia job to think things over. "These kids are so warped that you just can't get to 'em at the college level any more," he says. "Can you imagine? They actually have a homophile league on the campus now. I guess times are changing—but I'm not changing fast enough with them."



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ART

Vision Group from the Backwater

EVERY leaf and blade of grass swarms with life, the earth is alive and stirs beneath me, everything rings in one chord, then the soul rejoices and flies in the immeasurable space around me. There is no up and down any more, no beginning and no end. I hear and feel the living breath of God . . ." Dr. Leary? Alan Watts? No: it was thus, in 1802, that a 25-year-old painter named Philipp Otto Runge set down his ecstatic nature worship in a letter to his elder brother. It may be that Runge had what most of us have lost—the power to get high on ordinary grass. He was one of a group of artists who emerged from a backwater of painting, Germany, at the start of the 19th century. They inherited no secure historical position. Their diversity was extreme. Some left Germany for Rome and Raphael; others remained at home, seeking a continuity with the Gothic past; their images ran a gamut from Blakean vision to the tightest realism. From this jumble rose a group whose imagination transcended the constraint of their circumstances; they are represented in a fascinating show, "German Painting in the 19th Century," which opened last week at the Yale University Art Gallery.

Historically, this phase of German art has had a raw deal. To think of 19th century painting is automatically to think French. A grand panorama rises in the mind's eye—David to Delacroix, Courbet to Manet and the Impressionists. But though the German Romantic painters did not rival the achievements of the French, Yale's show does remind viewers that "mainstreams" are not the only art worth enjoying.

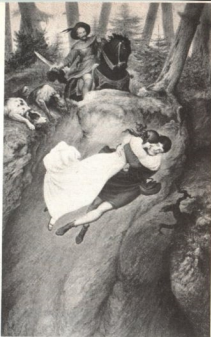
Dark Imaginations. As the century began, the settled rules of neoclassicism art could no longer contain the experience of a generation of Germans who

had grown up with war, conquest and instability. The dark woods and branching Gothic vegetation that Dürer and Schöngauer had engraved came back to haunt living artists; the full force of literary romanticism, with its themes of love, death, exile and transcendence, played over them. The caped solitary figures in Caspar David Friedrich's paintings, staring mutely at the horizon with backs turned, are like footnotes to Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther*.

One faction in German critical thought exhorted artists to stay home, to relate themselves to the northern, Gothic past, to be German painters. But in 1800, modern art meant neoclassicism, and that meant Rome. One of the first on the trek to Italy was Joseph Anton Koch, who headed south in 1794. There is an almost schizophrenic gap between his early landscapes, conceived in reverent imitation of Poussin, and a later painting like *Macbeth and the Witches* (1834). It is a full-blown response to Goethe's *Sturm und Drang*, with its flailing energies of cloud and sea, its Gothic spikiness, and its perverse adoption of Michelangelo's image of God on the Sistine ceiling for the pointing gesture of the first witch.

Those who stayed at home cut further into the dreams of their time. Schnorr von Carolsfeld's entwined lovers jump from a cliff, in erotic slow-motion; romantic fascination with the "inseparability" of love and death was never put more concisely than in this smooth, slick image of sexual hara-kiri. Johann Hummel transformed a granite bowl, erected in the Berlin pleasure gardens, into an object as disquieting as a flying saucer; with fanatical precision, the tiny reflections of passers-by are caught in its mirror-polished surface, twisted and topsy-turvy, as though Magritte had been let loose in 1832.

CASPAR FRIEDRICH'S "MORNING LIGHT"



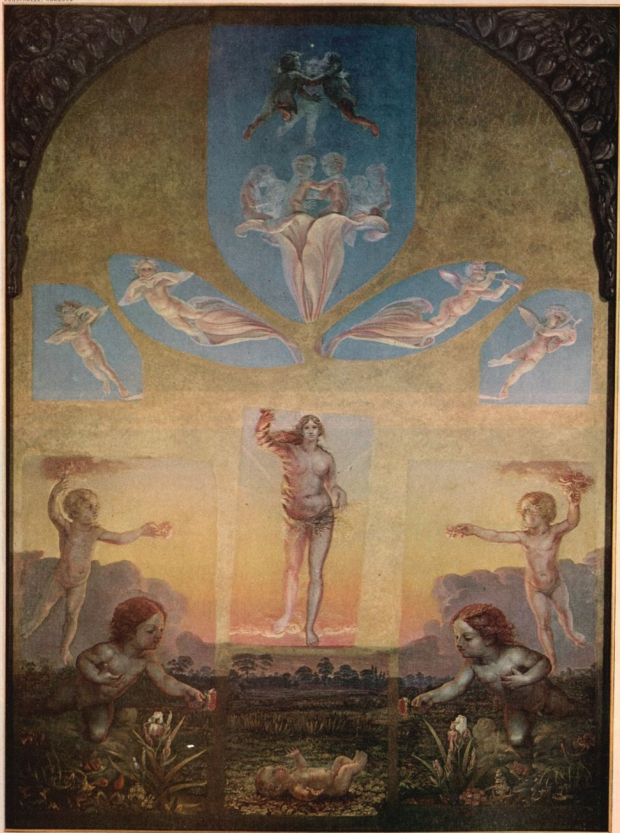
VON CAROLSFELD'S "LEAP"
Erotic slow-motion.

But it is the poetic interpreters of nature who are the most interesting figures in the Yale exhibition: Dahl, Friedrich and Philipp Otto Runge. Friedrich's landscapes, with their pulsating white moons, flat dark seas and clawing oaks, personify the sense of an immanence of God in nature that was the core of his art. "A picture," Friedrich wrote, "must not be devised but perceived. Shut your corporeal eye, so that you see first your picture with your spiritual eye." It was a German parallel to William Blake's observation: "I Question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro' it & not with it."

Encyclopedic Statement. Runge, who died in 1810 at the age of 33, shared this passion for nature's spirit. His large *Morning* (1808-10) was one of an unfinished cycle of panels on the theme of "The Four Times of Day." Its knotty allegories have never been fully deciphered, and may never have come wholly clear to Runge himself. Evidently he was combining several systems of myth—Christian, Judaic, classical—in one encyclopedic statement. But for all its obscurities, its transcendent optimism blazes forth: this is the closest contemporary equivalent to Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*.

Morning is about freshness, birth, starting new. Aurora, goddess of dawn, advances from a distant pearl-pink horizon, and a newborn baby lies squirming on a carpet of grass and flowers. In a flood of crystalline blue light, lilies open in the sky to release their freight of music-making putti. "When I turn to flowers and trees," Runge once wrote, "it becomes clearer to me how in each plant is contained a certain human spirit, idea or feeling, and it is very clear to me that it must have originated in Paradise."

■ Robert Hughes



"Morning," (1808-10), by Philipp Otto Runge, exemplifies the romantic preoccupations of 19th century Germany.



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES BY JOSEPH ANTON KOCH

"Macbeth and the Witches" (ca. 1834) by Joseph Anton Koch

"The Granite Dish in the Pleasure Garden" (ca. 1832) by Johann Hummel



THE GRANITE DISH, EDINBURGH

MILESTONES

Married. Mort Sahl, 43, nightclub and TV comic, master of the political potshot; and China Lee, 28, *Playboy* playmate (August 1964) and Sahl's long-time girl friend; he for the second time, she for the first; in Beverly Hills.

Divorced. Robert Culp, 40, star of TV's *I Spy*, also the grotesquely hip Bob in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*; by France Nuyen, 31, Eurasian screen and Broadway actress (*South Pacific*, *The World of Suzie Wong*); after two years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Bessie Braddock, 71, retired Laborite member of Britain's House of Commons, where she was known as the "heavyweight champion" for her rough tongue and 200-lb. frame; of a heart attack; in Liverpool. Elected from Liverpool in 1945 and ever after until she stepped down last June. Battling Bessie was much maligned for her antics in Parliament (reputedly including dancing a jig in the aisle, snoring during debates), but earned the love and respect of her constituents for her unyielding fight to improve working-class life.

Died. Charles de Gaulle, 79, wartime leader, former President and personification of France (see THE WORLD).

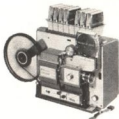
Died. Shojiro Kawashima, 80, vice president of Japan's Liberal Democratic Party; of a heart attack; in Tokyo. In the 36 years that he served as a member of the Diet, Kawashima held a variety of Cabinet posts, but his real strength was as a party organizer and kingmaker; his politicking behind the scenes contributed to Hayato Ikeda's election as party president and Premier in 1960, as well as to that of his successor, Eisaku Sato, in 1964.

Died. Representative William L. Dawson, 84, oldest member of Congress and for three decades the most influential black in Chicago politics; of pneumonia; in Chicago. First elected city alderman as a Republican in 1933, Dawson switched parties in 1939 and three years later was voted to the first of 14 terms representing the South Side slum wards. The first black committee chairman (Government Operations), he actively opposed the poll tax and fought vigorously for integration of the armed forces. In recent years, younger and more militant blacks had labeled Dawson an Uncle Tom for his close alliance with Mayor Richard Daley.

Died. Dr. Thomas Stowell, 85, British physician; of heart disease; in London. Despite a distinguished career, he came to public notice only in the final week of his life, when he published an article implying that Jack the Ripper was actually Edward VII's eldest son, the Duke of Clarence (TIME, Nov. 9).



New thinking is... a home movie system that cleans out desk drawers.



Auto 8 Movie Cassette
Projector, Model 469Z.

Here's a system of movie cassettes for neat storage and easiest showing of your home movies. Plus an automatic projector that threads and rewinds, gives you three speeds including super-slow motion, and works with your present standard reels and equipment. The Auto 8 Movie Cassette System. Suddenly everything's easy.

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What's good for Bach is good for rock.

A lot of people think "high fidelity" refers only to classical music. They're so wrong.

The technology that permits perfect reproduction of Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No. 3" also permits perfect reproduction of "Blood, Sweat & Tears 3."

And if you think a distorted flute or cello sounds bad, you ought to hear what a distorted fuzz tone sounds like. Something to be avoided, at all costs.

Actually, it doesn't cost much at all. Because for only \$329.95 you can own a complete, 80-watt Fisher stereo system that reproduces both rock and classical music with impartially high fidelity.

The Fisher 125B has an FM stereo section that brings in more FM stations than you probably thought existed. It has an AM section that sounds as good as a lot of FM sections we've heard. And we haven't even talked about the record changer yet. It treats your records with equal care, making no cultural distinctions.

The point is, no matter what kind of music you play on the Fisher 125B, the sound that comes out of its speakers will closely resemble the original program source.

And is likely to provoke the same response. Be it "Bravo!" or "Oh, wow!"

(For a free copy of The Fisher Handbook, our 72-page full-color reference guide, write Fisher Radio, Dept. 1121, 11-42 45th Road, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.)

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PART I

Life with Stalin:
the full horror of
the dictator's last
years, as the inner
group suffered
the threat of death



PART II

World War II as
Khrushchev saw it
at the front:
Stalin's fear and
cowardice in the
days of disaster



PART III

A vivid picture
of Stalin's death
scene, the bizarre
plotting that led
to the overthrow of
Police Chief Beria



PART IV

The quarrel with
China and a fresh
view of Mao, what
Khrushchev really
did to cause the
1962 Cuban crisis



The Editors of LIFE announce

KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS

No Russian leader—until now—has addressed history with intimate and personal reminiscences spanning his life and that of the Soviet Union itself. Next week LIFE begins publishing, in four installments, the reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev, that many-faceted man who climbed from a peasant boyhood all the way up the Communist Party ladder to sit as an equal with the world's heads of state. In 1953, when he first gained the Party Secretaryship, he became the most important figure in the Soviet Union; from 1957 until 1964, as both Party Secretary and Premier, he was absolute master of one of the world's two superpowers. During those years he was a vivid, colorful and dangerous figure to the West. Since he was overthrown six years ago, he has lived as a "pensioner" in a modest *dacha* 15 miles southwest of Moscow.

The document excerpted by LIFE, to be published next month in book form by Little, Brown and Company with the title *Khrushchev Remembers*, is written in the first person. It constitutes an insider's view of Soviet leadership over three decades, and it incorporates a denunciation of Stalin's abuses which is all the more convincing since it comes from a loyal Soviet citizen. Khrushchev himself explains why he is finally speaking out: "I tell these stories because, unpleasant as they may be, they contribute to the self-purification of our Party. I speak as a man who stood for many years at Stalin's side. As a witness to those years, I address myself to the generations of the future, in hope that they will avoid the mistakes of the past."

In his introduction to *Khrushchev Remembers*, Edward Crankshaw, the British scholar and foremost Khrushchev biographer, writes, about this document: "To anyone who had listened to him in the days of his prime, or read his speeches in Russian, there was no mistaking the authentic tone. So what we have is an extraor-

the first publication of a unique historical document

KHRUSHCHEV MEMBERS

inary, a unique historical document. It is the first thing of its kind to come from any Soviet leader of the Stalin and post-Stalin eras. It takes us straight into what has been hitherto a forbidden land of the mind. And for me the supreme interest and value of this narrative lies in the unconscious revelation of the underlying attitude: the assumptions, the ignorances, the distorted views, which must be shared to a greater or lesser degree by all those Soviet leaders who came to maturity under Stalin.

"What Khrushchev does not do, perhaps cannot do, is provide the clue to his own astonishing transformation from one of Stalin's most reliable henchmen into the international figure who, toward the end of his career, was showing signs of wisdom of a really superior kind. The qualities were not suddenly added to him; they must have been latent all the time, when, to all appearances, as a determinedly Party professional, sycophantic toward his master, bullying toward his subordinates, maneuvering round his rivals with deep peasant cunning, he was visibly distinguished from the others only by a certain liveliness of imagination, a warmth of feeling, a sturdy self-reliance, and at times the recklessness of a born gambler."

What Khrushchev does do—and this adds a whole new dimension to our knowledge—is reveal the morbid world of Joseph Stalin from a new vantage point. Just as important, Khrushchev also reveals his own fascinating personality: the young man who joined the Communist Party at 24 and fought in the Red-White civil war of 1919-20; the dedicated Party worker who at first served Stalin slavishly and enthusiastically involved himself in the Party infighting which led to the terrible purges of 1936-38; the civilian autocrat of the Ukraine who gradually became aware that his brutish chief in

Moscow was, as Khrushchev says, "not quite right in the head."

Khrushchev does not attack the present Soviet leadership. Nor does he discuss his own fall from power in 1964, but the fact that it was bloodless was a radical change from the days of Stalin. He is 76 now, an old man diminished by sickness. He had a mild heart attack earlier this year, and was reported only two weeks ago to be back in bed. When he is up and about he tries, on doctor's orders, to walk two hours a day. Usually he saunters off to a nearby trade union rest center to chat with ordinary Soviet citizens. In his home he sits and listens to the radio, reads *Pravda* and the military history of World War II, spends long hours with his family and grandchildren—and remembers.

Did Khrushchev intend this manuscript to be published in the West? We do not know. Having taken every possible precaution to verify authenticity, LIFE is certain that this is what Khrushchev wanted to say—to somebody, somewhere—in the knowledge that his time had come and gone, and with the conviction that he had a legitimate place in history. The system which made him, and which he had helped make, discarded him in the end; yet his was an extraordinary achievement all the same. He was something of an original in the Soviet Union, a political leader who really could dream great dreams, and for that Mr. Crankshaw salutes him: "It was one of Khrushchev's greatest achievements that with all his intermittent saber-rattling, his deceptions, his displays of violence, he nevertheless broke out of the Stalinist mold and made it possible for the Western world to hope that a measure of coexistence, more complete than he himself was yet ready to conceive, might one day be realized."

Khrushchev's story is illustrated with many intimate and hitherto unpublished pictures.

Beginning in

LIFE

next week

THE PRESS

Duncan's Viet Nam

Thanks to TV, no war in history has become so commonplace, so visually familiar as the Viet Nam War. To the living-room audience, the war is green (jungle, helicopters, uniforms) and red (blood). It is endless patrols by faceless men up numberless hills. The enemy are small, expressionless men crouching on the ground with their elbows tied behind their backs or shrunken heaps of black rags lying motionless on the ground. It would seem that there is nothing more to learn from another look at the war—nothing, that is, until a first-rate photographer puts together a collection of black and white pictures.

Photographer David Douglas Duncan, whose *War Without Heroes* was published last week (Harper & Row; 252 pages; \$14.95), has managed to recapture the war in all its grisly tedium. Looking deceptively like a cocktail-table art book, Duncan's gloom-shrouded pictures of American fighting men are packed more with fatigue than fight. There are no heroic actions; men shave, take muddy baths, clean up after shellbursts, write letters, stare vacantly at absolutely nothing while waiting for the next pointless action. The photographs have the stink of death, the feel of futility and, on any cocktail table, far surpass alcohol as a depressant.

Duncan, who was with the Marines in World War II and later covered the Korean War for LIFE, says in his foreword: "I wanted to show what war does to a man . . . I wanted to tell a story of war, as war has always been for men. Only their weapons, the terrain, the causes have changed." Duncan is not sure about just what cause the U.S. is pursuing in Viet Nam, but he considers the conflict to be "the greatest American tragedy since the Civil War." He salutes the individual American fighting men for their courage, generosity, simplicity of language and "responsibility to their comrades, convictions and pride."

CON THIEN UNDER ATTACK



Raising Hell on the Bay

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news and raise hell," said Wilbur F. Storey regarding the aims of the *Chicago Times* in 1861. Storey was talking in a day when newspapermen would not hesitate a minute to lambast the Establishment. Today's large-circulation papers tend to be part of the Establishment. San Francisco's *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, for instance, are so comfortably settled that the Bay City has become one of the worst-newspapered cities in America.

Which was one of the attractions for a Storey-style journalist named Bruce Brugmann, who arrived in California from Milwaukee in 1964. He worked for one small paper for a couple of years, then left, scraped together \$35,000 and founded the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*.

As his motto, Brugmann adopted "We print the news and raise hell." The result is subjective journalism, thoroughly checked for accuracy. "I have no patience with 'objective' reporting," says Brugmann. "I aim my derring at every

reporter and tell him, 'By God, I don't want to see any objective pieces.' This is point-of-view journalism. We don't run a story until we feel we can prove it and make it stick."

Chinese Weekly. One of the stories they went after concerned the municipal government itself. The *Guardian* charged that the city is losing some \$30 million a year after having invested hundreds of millions in hydroelectric power in the Sierras, bringing it to within 35 miles of San Francisco, where it is turned over to the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. for distribution mostly outside the city. If the city distributed its own electricity, said the *Guardian*, the San Francisco users would benefit. PG&E complained that the problem was not that simple, since the city's power is tied in with an entire gridwork of PG&E's installations in northern California. Now a feasibility study on buying out PG&E's San Francisco power system has been initiated, creating for Brugmann a generous amount of ill will from PG&E.

Brugmann's next assault was aimed at "SuperChron"—the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, which have merged their printing, circulation, business and advertising departments. When syndicated Washington Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman cited the merger as an example of monopoly, "SuperChron" refused to run his column. Brugmann tried to buy advertising space in both papers to run the Von Hoffman piece, but was refused. When he accused the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* of playing monopoly, an ad salesman retorted, "We're not a monopoly. There are lots of places you can go to advertise. Why, you can go right across the street here and put it in the *Shopping News*. Or you can put it in the *Chinese Weekly*." The Von Hoffman column ran in the *Guardian*.

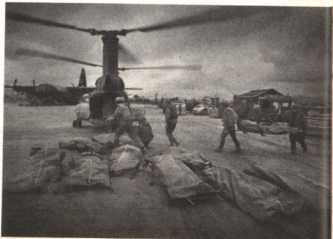
Brugmann is now testing the Newspaper Preservation Act by suing the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* under the First Amendment for abridging freedom of the press.

Cracked Code. Gasping along on a low budget, the *Guardian*—officially a monthly—has made it to press only six

BATTLE WEARY MARINE



LOADING DEAD AT KHE SANH



THE TOYOTA CORONA got along fine last year with 90 horsepower.

This year, it gets along even better with 108 horsepower. It accelerates faster. Has a higher top speed. But despite all this extra zip, the new Toyota Corona manages to use up gas at a snail's pace. About a gallon every 25 miles.

In addition, the Toyota Corona is a bit larger than before. A bit heavier than before. Yet, the Corona hangs in there, right around the 25 mpg mark.

Still, all the Corona's new-found power isn't under the hood. The Toyota Corona has a new power braking system. A power braking system with front discs. For quick, safe,

straight-line stops. Without fading or swerving.

Disc brakes are just one example of the new no-skimp Corona. The body of the Corona is welded into one solid, durable piece. And the chassis is protected by undersealing.

In the engine compartment, you'll find a lot of aluminum. Where aluminum makes sense. Because aluminum dissipates heat faster than cast iron.

The engine fan has six blades instead of the common four. Because six blades cut down heat better than the common four.

And when you cut down heat, you cut down wear.

The look of the new Corona is somewhat different, too. Outside, it's a little more sporty than before. Inside, you get a choice of where you sit

and how you drive. Bucket seats and a 4-on-the-floor stick shift. Or a bench seat with an optional column-mounted, 3-speed automatic.

Standard items include white sidewall tires, electric clock, tinted glass, snap-down nylon carpets, steering column lock, fully lined trunk, a trouble light, cigarette lighter and a locking glove box. With options like factory air conditioning, AM/FM radio and stereo tape deck.

The new Toyota Corona is a lot of car. But not a lot of money.

\$2126*

Strange.

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

**Strange, but when we made the car go faster,
we made the car go slower.**



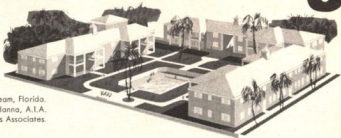
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. 4 Dr. Sedan \$2126. Accessories, options, dealer preparation, freight and taxes extra.

Somerville Hospital, School of Nursing, Somerville, Massachusetts.
Architect: Edward J. Tedesco Associates.
Engineer: Francis Associates.

The economies of electricity are changing America's heating habits.



St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Herndon, Virginia.
Architects: Carroll C. Curtice and Paul B. Pavlovich.
Engineer: John F. Lawrence & Associates.



Somerset Apartments, Gulfstream, Florida.
Architect: Richard T. Hanna, A.I.A.
Engineer: N. G. Dracos Associates.

It's no wonder people have chosen electric heat for hundreds of thousands of new buildings and millions of homes.

Electric heat can lower construction costs. Unlike other fuels, electric heat doesn't require a large boiler room, stacks, or fuel storage. Beside gaining

more usable space, you can cut construction costs and your yearly amortization.

Only electric heat operates at almost 100% efficiency. And it offers the widest choice of systems together with lower maintenance and labor costs.

If you're involved in a community project or are building your own home, plan for continued economies five, ten, twenty years from now. Consult your architect or engineer. And call your electric utility company.



Live Better Electrically

Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

...where everything's electric,
including the heat.

times this year. It has fired away at such giant targets as U.S. Steel, the Ford Foundation, the Chase Manhattan Bank, and the San Francisco mayor—all accused of attempting to destroy the beauty of the city with high-rises. Despite its effrontery, the paper has never been sued for libel.

The *Guardian's* policy of heavy muck-raking does tend to make it predictable. But it does get results, as well as praise and rewards. Gratifying to the insolvent *Guardian* was a story cracking the codes used by supermarkets to indicate the freshness of food. That issue had hundreds of housewives writing in for extra copies. An exposé on unrepresentative grand juries won the "Pulitzer of the West" from the San Francisco Press

JON BRENNEIS



"GUARDIAN'S" BRUCE BRUGGMANN
Standing up to SuperChron.

Club, as did a piece on the economics of hip culture. Another prize winner was an exposé on the scramble for bodies from Viet Nam among San Francisco undertakers. Recently, though, the club reworked the entry rules for the "Pulitzer of the West" competition, effectively excluding the *Guardian* from entry. Bruggmann claimed that the committee had too many *Guardian* victims on its board.

Bruggmann became accustomed to opposition at the University of Nebraska, where he edited the college paper during the McCarthy era and was threatened with expulsion several times. After an M.S. in journalism at Columbia University, he joined the Army and was bureau chief for the *Stars and Stripes* in Korea. An apprenticeship at the *Milwaukee Journal* followed, then the eventual move to San Francisco, which he chose "because the newspapers were so bad."

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand,
if you'd like to taste
the small, mild
cigar with all the
flavor of a large
cigar, go ahead.

White Owl Miniatures
& Demi-Tips.

Between you and an IBM is an RCA computer

The reason most people have to move to a bigger computer is that their workload outgrows their computer's memory.

To get more memory from IBM, you have to go all the way to a processor that's much bigger, more powerful, and more expensive than you may need.

RCA's new family of computers is designed with a proper balance between memories and processors.

RCA 2, RCA 3, RCA 6, RCA 7.

So, when you outgrow your 360/30, 40 or 50, you can make a smooth, logical step to the RCA system in the size you need.

Instead of being forced to jump to an IBM computer that's too big.

Why pay for power you don't need?

Here's an example. Say you have a 360/30 with the maximum memory size (65K) and you've outgrown it.

IBM would like to move you up to the 370/145. With a memory not even double yours (114K). But the processor is eight times as powerful as yours.

Do you need eight times the power?

We don't believe you do. Between the 360/30 and the 370/145 is an RCA computer that just fits.

The RCA 2. It doubles your present memory and more than triples your present power—the right amount of both. And it's \$41,000 a year less than the 370/145.

You do have one other choice, of course—the 360/40.

But it's not a new computer, and it's a big jump



up in price. The RCA 2 has half again the power of a 360/40 and costs \$15,000 a year less.

Bigger real memory. Unlimited virtual memory. More memory for less money.

Balancing memories with processors sensibly isn't the only way we work things to fit you.

Virtual memory is even more dramatic.

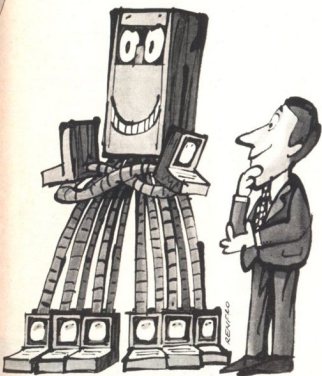
Virtual memory makes a computer work as though its main memory were unlimited in size.

Which means it's hard to outgrow.

And talk about a computer that just fits.

An RCA computer with virtual memory can do the work of a larger IBM computer with real memory.

computer that's too big, that just fits.



The only new computers that have virtual memory are RCA 3 and RCA 7.

360 Mode of Operation and Guaranteed Conversion cut risk.

We don't want you all excited by our new computers, but scared of switching.

So each of our new computers can include 360 Mode of Operation. It runs most DOS programs, to protect your software investment.

And, for 360/30, 40 and 50 DOS users who qualify, we'll switch you over. And guarantee results.

We'll convert your present applications for an agreed fee, by an agreed date.

The guarantee provides for penalty payments by RCA if we don't perform, and other appropriate provisions to protect both parties.

Only RCA offers you Guaranteed Conversion.

RCA is also the only major computer maker to let you choose how you pay for systems support—either bundled or unbundled.

IBM can only offer you computers unbundled, and it's costing a lot of companies a lot more money than they expected.

Also exclusive is our new Flexible Accrued Equity Plan. You pay up to 15% less than standard equipment rentals, and own the computer after 72 months.

Three unique policies that make it easy for you to get what you want.

Three weeks after announcing our new computers, we'd sold 2½ times our 1970 forecast.

And 75% of our new customers are IBM users. Maybe it's because our new computers are the only ones with what IBM users asked for.

The right size. The right price. The right service. Making them not just a step up, but the right step up.

We're out to win you over. And we only win when you win.

RCA
COMPUTERS

BUSINESS

The High Price of Peace in Detroit

WHEN the biggest and costliest strike in more than a decade ended last week, neither side was particularly overjoyed by the outcome. After 58 days of standoff, leaders of the United Auto Workers and General Motors agreed on a new contract that the company says is inflationary. The union's hefty wage gain was less than the auto workers had hoped for, but they got more in fringe benefits than the U.A.W. leadership could have expected. If the strikers ratify the national contract this week, as is likely, and some sticky local issues are settled in the plants, the assembly lines can be rolling at

sembler now earning \$3.80. The raise is a compromise; the union had wanted 61.5¢ per hour and the company, whose last pre-strike offer was 38¢, went more than halfway in meeting the union demand. The union settled for considerably lower guaranteed raises in the second and third years: 3% annually, or an average of 14¢ per hour. The figure is consistent with U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock's contention that future wage raises can be kept in line with increases in productivity so long as workers are protected against the upswing in the cost of living.

The union won a considerable victory on the toughest issue—"30 and out," or retirement at any age after 30 years of work on a pension of \$500 a month. Management had argued intensely that it could not afford to lose its most skilled veterans, and that such a provision would double its pension costs of \$250 million a year. In the end, G.M. gave in on the principle, though not on the details.

The two sides agreed on a retirement plan that is bound to be envied—and eventually copied—by organized labor everywhere. Starting next year, a worker with at least 30 years of service can take his \$500-a-month pension at age 58; the following year the age limit will drop to 56. New negotiations will open in 1973, and the U.A.W. has a good chance to get an even lower age limit. Thus this year's contract may turn out to be a historic one, leading to a substantial reduction in the retirement age for working Americans.

Pressing Reasons. All together, the fringes brought the total wage and benefit package to an average of 9% a year, or triple the company's long-term productivity gains. In wages alone, the auto workers are guaranteed increases totaling 20% over the next three years. Yet in fairness they could hardly have been expected to settle for much less; the purchasing power of their wages has dropped by 7.4% since the spring of 1969. After the settlement was announced, groups of strikers picketed the United Auto Workers headquarters chanting: "We want lots more."

Both sides had pressing practical reasons to settle. The union strike fund was due to run out next week. G.M. dealers were selling the last of their showroom cars. The corporation had lost \$77 million in the third quarter, when the strike was only two weeks old, and considerably more in October and November. The cost of the walkout was greater than G.M. had anticipated. To make up part of it, the company has had to postpone some planned

1972 model changes to 1973, and many corporate development programs have been delayed. If agreement had not been reached last week, there would have been little profit in re-starting the assembly lines before the Christmas holidays, and the strike probably would have lasted into the new year. Union President Woodcock had to balance the prospect of any further gains against the cost of keeping the men out for another six weeks or more without strike pay. The settlement was speeded along by Federal Mediation Director Curtis Counts, who secretly went to Detroit last week, and presumably pointed out to both sides the Administration's interest in an early agreement.

Economic Injury. The rest of the country suffered considerable economic injury (see box). In all, the strike cost \$7 billion in lost sales, wages and taxes. It caused a drop in economic growth and, among G.M.'s suppliers, led to layoffs of about 100,000 men. Stockpiled steel crammed the mills in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. The Federal Government lost roughly \$1 billion in taxes. The state of Michigan was deprived of \$35 million in revenue and, in addition, had to pay out \$3 million in public assistance. Cities that have G.M. plants were particularly hard-hit. Some of the losses, but by no means all of them, will be made up in the catch-up rush of auto production in the weeks ahead—a rush that will likely give the economy an unnatural boost in the first quarter of 1971.

The settlement could be even costlier for the economy than the strike was. De-

WOODCOCK & UNION



PICKET TEARING STRIKE SIGN
The ceiling also dissolved.

full production by early December.

The terms of the three-year agreement represent something of a gamble for General Motors. In a major concession, G.M. acceded to a union demand for unlimited cost-of-living increases. If inflation is checked, G.M. will not have to pay out too much more in the second and third years of the contract. But if inflation continues strong, the settlement could turn out to be far more expensive than the corporation intended. The dangerous catch is that the new contract's other wage and benefit terms go far toward assuring the persistent inflation that the corporation most fears.

Early Retirement. The pact provides a first-year wage increase of just over 13%, or 50¢ an hour, for a typical as-



spite a recent jump, the rate of inflation is lower than it was last winter, and it is likely to drop more next year. Economist Otto Eckstein, for example, predicts a cost-of-living increase next year of 4%, compared with a 5.6% rise over the last twelve months. But G.M. Chairman James Roche has made it clear that higher labor costs will lead directly to higher prices for cars at a time when sales and profits are sluggish. Auto prices this year have risen an average \$226, or 5.7%.^{*} The recently posted increases on the 1971 models will show up in the October cost-of-living index, due out later this month. If G.M. boosts the price of its cars to reflect its increased labor costs over the next three years, that in turn will tempt more people to buy imports, which now account for 14% of the market and will endanger some automaking jobs.

Minimum Target. The real danger of the G.M. agreement is in its impact on other settlements. Herbert Stein, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, said last week that "the rate of inflation from this point forward will depend on the rate of wage increases probably more than anything else." The U.A.W.'s money gains are somewhat less than those won earlier this year by the Teamsters, the construction workers and the New York Newspaper Guild. The auto raises are also below the 37% increase over three years that a presidential commission recommended last week for four railroad unions—and that the unions rejected as not enough. But the auto contract provides a new minimum target for other unions to shoot at. Ford and Chrysler will undoubtedly settle on essentially the same

^{*} Actually the increase has been 5.9%, considering that this year, for the first time ever, the Bureau of Labor Statistics says the quality of cars has declined. Reasons: cutbacks in warranties and scores of minor price-shaving changes, such as using some cheaper materials.

MEMBERS AFTER SETTLEMENT



What the Auto Strike Cost

The auto strike threw off schedule a budding recovery in the economy by converting what could have been a fourth quarter of slow growth into a period of renewed, though temporary, decline. That is the conclusion of a computer study made for TIME last week by Data Resources Inc., an economic consulting firm headed by Harvard's Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. Data Resources calculated how some sensitive economic statistics are likely to turn out for the fourth quarter, compared with the results that could have been expected if there had been no strike. The figures below are in billions of dollars at an annual rate, unless otherwise indicated.

	With Strike	Without Strike	Strike's Cost
G.N.P.	\$993	\$1,000	\$7
Real G.N.P.	\$724	\$ 730	\$6
Growth Rate	minus 1.6%	plus 1.6%	3.2%
Unemployment Rate	5.6%	5.4%	.2%
Corporate profits after taxes	\$ 42	\$ 44	\$2
Auto industry profits after taxes	\$ 1.2	\$ 2.4	\$1.2
Consumer purchases of autos and parts	\$ 33	\$ 39	\$6
Federal deficit	\$ 16	\$ 13	\$3

Eckstein's group also analyzed the production and profit losses that the strike caused in industries that supply the automakers. The figures below show how far fourth-quarter output and earnings in these industries will probably fall below the results that would have been achieved if G.M. had stayed in full operation.

	Product	Profit Drop
Rubber	4%	15%
Steel	6%	18%
Nonferrous metals	4%	6%
Fabricated metals	4%	6%
Electrical machinery	5%	6%
Nonelectrical machinery	4%	5%

terms, and the union will seek to apply the G.M. formula to farm-machinery manufacturers.

To many union leaders, the most important part of the contract was removal of the ceiling on cost-of-living increases. That ceiling had been accepted by the late Walter Reuther as part of the price of ending a strike against Ford in 1967, and he later regretted the decision. Now that the U.A.W. has succeeded in abolishing the ceiling, other unions can muster strong arguments against it.

Many of the 540,000 steelworkers, whose contract comes up for renewal next Aug. 1, will expect gains similar to those scored by the auto union. Steelworkers receive pensions of about \$300 a month, and no cost-of-living raises. They are now determined to catch up, but will encounter tough resistance from an industry that averaged only 2.7% profits last year. Thus the outlook is for a strike next August, followed by a rise in steel prices—and further increases in the price of cars.

Businessmen have been turning to the Administration for help—or at least guidance—in holding back inflation, but so far they have received little of either. Nixon's economic game plan foresaw a profit squeeze, which was supposed to toughen management resistance

to union demands. According to the plan, this would lead to some big strikes, but ultimately to a decline in pressure for extravagant wage increases. The plan has not worked out the way the Administration had hoped. The strikes have indeed hit, but in many major settlements, management has been forced to capitulate to inflationary rises in labor costs.

It is at least possible that there would have been fewer strikes and more moderate settlements if the Administration early in 1969 had begun to combat inflation with guidelines or some other form of incomes policy. That would have meant more dependence on the President's jawbone and less on management's backbone. Some of Nixon's biggest supporters within the mostly Republican business community have been calling for the President to use more of his power and prestige to influence wage decisions. If the Administration expects business to take a strong stand in fighting inflation, the time is overdue for the President to pursue an incomes policy.

Hard Times

According to the latest joke making the rounds on Wall Street, the economy has become so sluggish that the Mafia has had to lay off four judges in New Jersey.

MONEY

Lower Interest Rates Ahead

Not long ago, the discount rate—the interest charge on Government loans to commercial banks—was the Federal Reserve Board's main tool for influencing the economy, and changes in the rate occasionally became hot political issues. In the past year and a half, the Federal Reserve has relied mainly on changes in the pace at which it expands the nation's money supply, and has let the discount rate stay at 6%. When the board finally cut the rate a quarter-point last week, the reaction in the financial community was cheerful but unexcited.

The reduction followed much sharper declines in many other interest rates. The Treasury bill rate, for example, has fallen from last year's peak of more than 8% to 5½%. The discount-rate reduction put the Federal Reserve's stamp of approval on these declines, and showed that the board's seven governors believed that the U.S. economy could stand a further easing of interest rates. New York's Case Manhattan Bank promptly took the hint and led major banks in trimming the prime rate—the minimum lending charge on loans to business—from 7½% to 7¼%. The drop, the third in the prime so far this year, will possibly lead to some small reductions in charges for consumer loans, though not immediately in home-mortgage rates, which are slow to respond to changed market conditions.

Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns said last week that the board should make "small and frequent" changes in the discount rate as a way of nudging the money markets without jolting them. The board is thinking of changes as small as tenths of a percent. It is likely to make another modest cut in the discount rate before year's end. Its economists worry that U.S. business is not recovering as rapidly from the early-1970 slowdown as they had hoped, and they would like to help business along. Bankers are ready to follow another discount-rate cut with a fourth lowering of the prime rate. Their business loan demand has fallen markedly lately, and they do not think that the drop is entirely because of the G.M. strike. Further rate reductions will bring welcome relief from one of the worst economic pains of the past two years: the high cost of loans.

ADVERTISING

What Happens When

The Marlboro Man Leaves

After years of sashaying across the home screen, the lean and leathery cowboys of the Marlboro cigarette commercials will ride off into the sunset on New Year's Day. The fright-wigged models in Virginia Slims' television ads will take their last mincing turn as symbols of women's emancipation, and Win-

ston's abrasively ungrammatical TV message will be ending for good, as a worn theme should. By act of Congress, promotions for cigarettes, which many studies have found to be a cause of cancer, heart disease and other ailments, will be barred from television and radio. Already some consequences of the big ban are beginning to appear.

During their waning time on television, cigarette makers are blowing a bundle to introduce—and heavily promote—new brands. In recent weeks, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco has brought out Vantage, American Brands has introduced Maryland 100s, and Philip Morris has put on the market wintergreen-flavored New Leaf. The most unusual new item is Brown & Williamson's Laredo, which is a \$2 kit that includes tobacco, paper, filters and a roll-your-own machine. It is

lion for all media, will probably be cut in half after January. Part of the money will go into sweetening the earnings report, promoting non-tobacco lines and acquiring new companies. Tobacco firms are speeding up their diversification. Last week Reynolds agreed to buy U.S. Lines, the shipping company, for \$65 million. Reynolds, which now gets more than one-third of its sales from non-tobacco sources, has also expanded into freight transportation and food—Chun King, Hawaiian Punch, My-T-Fine desserts. A few weeks ago, American Brands, formerly American Tobacco Co., agreed to buy Andrew Jergens, the hand-lotion and cosmetics manufacturer. American also owns or controls James Beam distillers, Duffy-Mott foods and Swingline, a maker of stapling machines. Liggett & Myers, which has moved into liquor, pet foods and household cleaners, gets just over half of its sales outside the tobacco field. Philip Morris owns Miller High Life beer, Clark chewing gum and Personna razor blades.

Billboard Windfall. A wholesale shift of cigarette ads into print media is unlikely, partly because tobacco companies fear that this would lead to another ban. Next year, magazines are conservatively expected to add about \$8 million to the annual \$50 million in cigarette advertising that they now carry. An estimated \$34 million will be spent in newspapers, up from the present \$16 million. American Cancer Society officials recently appealed to publishers for free space for antismoking ads similar to those that the Federal Communications Commission now requires on television. Cancer Society spokesmen say they expect the television spots to continue after January; network officials are still unsure. There will be a fast increase in spending on outdoor billboard ads, which tobacco men figure are less likely than print ads to draw Government fire. Tobacco's spending on billboards could jump from an average of \$7 million a year to \$40 million next year, reports *Advertising Age*.

Ad agency chiefs argue bravely—but unconvincingly—that the loss of broadcast billing will not seriously hurt them. Reynolds' broadcast billings make up about \$49 million of the William Estey agency's total of \$139 million. Philip Morris spends \$25 million on broadcasting through Leo Burnett; Brown & Williamson bills \$25 million through Ted Bates; and Lorillard \$17 million through Foote Cone & Belding.

Cigarette promotions account for 10% of the networks' ad revenues, and task forces of salesmen, notably from ABC, have been eagerly scouting for other advertisers to fill the gap. Their major targets: national retail chains, credit card companies, insurance companies, brokerage houses and all big firms involved in the travel business. Because of the economic slump, it is unlikely that the hole left by cigarette ads will be quickly plugged.

Maryland 100's...first with the Made-for-Menthol blend



AD FOR NEW CIGARETTE
Off to other things.

fast finding favor among weekend pot smokers.

Sowing New Fields. Tobaccomen insist that the broadcast blackout will have little immediate impact on sales of established brands. Even so, the manufacturers are taking no chances. Companies are enlarging their sales forces, planning to spend more on posters in stores and to vastly increase the use of gift coupons, games and other promotional hoopla. Some executives are thinking about giving out more free samples, and sending them through the mails. One hint of things to come: Reynolds will underwrite its first big sports event, an \$80,000 bowling tournament called the Winston-Salem Classic, which will be televised Feb. 20 by ABC. While non-tobacco firms will sponsor the show, the words "Winston" and "Salem" certainly will be mentioned. If other manufacturers pick up the idea, there could be a Pall Mall golf tournament, or a Viceroy auto sweepstakes—all on TV.

Cigarette-ad budgets, now \$271 mil-



PARISIAN BUYING AMERICAN LEVI'S



MUSHROOMS GROWING IN PENNSYLVANIA

Trade: The Black Comedy That Could Come True

It sounds like a ludicrous piece of political black humor. A Southern Democrat introduces an import-restricting bill designed to help a Republican President who wants to win votes in Dixie. Egged on by organized labor, Congressmen joyfully expand the bill into a measure that will force consumers to pay higher prices for clothes, shoes and many other goods. More than 4,000 professional economists sign a letter warning that the bill not only will be grossly inflationary but will also gravely hurt the nation's position in world trade. The U.S. Secretary of State says that the measure will start a trade war with some of the nation's most important allies. But these warnings are drowned out by the voices of Pennsylvania mushroom growers, Hawaiian passion-fruit producers and other businessmen who want protection from low-priced imports. The bill passes, and the President signs it, explaining that he had to do so in order to win increases in Social Security payments for the poor and aged.

THIS grotesque parody of the U.S. legislative process is unfortunately all too real. When Congress reconvenes this week, the first major item of business in the House will be a vote on the most restrictive piece of trade legislation since the disastrous Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930. The bill, which would raise prices by denying consumers access to many imports, is likely to pass after only perfunctory debate, and then whiz to the Senate. There the Finance Committee already has voted to attach it as a rider to a measure raising Social Security benefits. The odds are that the Senate will pass the package in early December.

All of this would turn the clock back 35 years, to the days before the nation began leading a highly beneficial world movement toward freer trade. The provisions of the bill are complex, partly because the legislation grew by a process of log rolling rather than by conscious plan. The bill rigidly limits imports of textiles

and shoes, for example. Next year they must be held to the 1967-69 average, which would amount to a reduction of at least 30% from current levels; in subsequent years, they could grow only 5% annually. The bill also obliges the President to continue holding down oil imports by quota, rather than switch to a less restrictive tariff system.

Tragedy of Errors. The bill's most mischievous feature is the so-called "trigger mechanism." It forces the President to impose quotas or higher tariffs on any foreign product that is increasing rapidly in sales and has captured 15% of the U.S. market—provided that the domestic industry can prove injury and the U.S. Tariff Commission recommends action. The President can avoid invoking restrictions only if he finds that they would not be "in the national interest." At present, an estimated 125 foreign products—including wigs, radioactive isotopes, sewing machines, autos and TV sets—would be subject to the "trigger mechanism."

If anyone had proposed so blatantly protectionist a bill six months ago, free traders and consumer advocates probably could have rallied their forces quickly and buried it. The bill, however, took its present form gradually, as a result of a tragedy of errors made by everyone concerned—President Nixon, House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills and foreign governments.

In the 1968 election campaign, Nixon promised to restrict textile imports. Hubert Humphrey offered a similar promise, even though the U.S. textile industry has never made any persuasive case that it is being badly damaged by imports. Between 1961 and 1969, the domestic industry's employment increased from 893,000 to 989,000. Even now, imports account for only 4% of all the textiles bought by Americans. Nixon, however, was seeking Southern votes. After winning them, he set out to hold them by assigning Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans to persuade the Japanese to "voluntarily" restrict textile exports to

the U.S. Stans got nowhere. He was asking the Japanese to sacrifice sales without offering anything in return.

Stans, seeking a club to hold over the Japanese, asked Mills to introduce a bill setting textile-import quotas by law. Mills agreed, sensing that the gesture would be popular in the House and expecting that the threat would produce a voluntary quota agreement that would allow the bill to die unnoticed. But the Japanese dawdled and, when Mills opened public hearings in May, the protectionist dam broke. All together, 377 witnesses filled 16 fat volumes of testimony with pleas that the mushroom, umbrella, scissors and shears, zipper, bicycle, mink, glue and candle industries—among many others—deserved protection too.

In July, the Ways and Means Committee went into secret sessions, and the real log rolling began. Democratic Representative James Burke of Massachusetts agreed to support textile quotas if the bill would also protect his shoemaking constituents, who have lost 25% of their market to imports. Wisconsin's John Byrnes, the ranking Republican on Ways and Means, introduced the trigger mechanism to help his state's dairy farmers repel an invasion of foreign cheese. The provision freezing the oil-quota system was thrown in to win the approval of Russell Long from oil-producing Louisiana, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and the key to the bill's prospects in the upper chamber. Long returned the favor by arranging to tie the trade bill to increased Social Security benefits; both fall under his committee's jurisdiction.

The Victims. Opposition forces, meanwhile, were asleep or fumbling. Nixon, a self-proclaimed "free trader," began by threatening to veto any bill that went beyond textile quotas, but as the strength of the new protectionism became evident, he lapsed into silence. Worse, he permitted an open split in his Administration. Secretary of State William Rogers warned the Senate Finance Committee of an "impending

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to shake her
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HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

trade war" if the legislation should pass, but Stans reassured the Senators that there would be no foreign retaliation that would hurt U.S. exports.

The Japanese Embassy in Washington consistently advised its government in Tokyo not to take the threat of a protectionist bill seriously. Other foreign governments chose to speak softly, for fear of antagonizing Congress. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., worried about the loss of jobs by highly paid union members, abandoned old free-trade principles to lobby for the bill.

One voice was never heard on Capitol Hill—the voice of the U.S. consumer. The consumer will pay the bill if the protectionist measure passes, and the price will be outrageous. Federal Reserve Board Governor Andrew Brimmer said last week that by 1975 consumers will be paying \$3.7 billion a year extra for clothing and shoes alone. Reasons: Americans will not be able to get low-priced imports as easily as they now do, and prices of U.S.-made goods will rise faster because of less competition from abroad. The costs, Brimmer declares, will be borne disproportionately by the poor, who must spend a larger slice of their income on shoes and clothing than the well-to-do. These costs would be multiplied if imports of many other foreign products were limited under the trigger mechanism.

Unifying Europe. Critics are belatedly waking up to the dangers of the bill. The Japanese, at about the 13th hour, have just reopened negotiations with Presidential Assistant Peter Flanigan in Washington for voluntary limitations on textile sales. European governments are conferring on ways of retaliating against American exports. The first target will be the \$500 million worth of soybeans that U.S. farmers sell annually to Europe. Next may come U.S. small airplanes, light machinery and computers. Steps of reprisal would be taken jointly by the six members of the Common Market, with Britain probably joining in. On a visit to the U.S. last month, Ralf Dahrendorf, the Common Market's top trade executive, raised an ironic toast to Wilbur Mills—as the man who had done most recently to promote European unity. The threats have begun to weigh on some Congressmen, who realize that U.S. exports produce more income than the auto or home-building industry. The nation's exports this year are running at a \$42 billion rate and are likely to exceed imports by \$3 billion. But the new worries about retaliation are probably too late. Mills has been concerned lately about soothing protectionists' fears that his heart is not really in the trade bill, which now informally bears his name. In a recent speech he proclaimed that "Congress is not bluffing. I predict that the Trade Act of 1970 will pass by a big majority."

Nixon could still wage a vigorous fight against the Mills bill in the Senate. If it passes, he would do well to veto it, even at the price of delaying



WILBUR MILLS

While the opposition slept.

an increase in Social Security benefits. If the bill becomes law, he could use the "national interest" clause to weaken the trigger mechanism. The President's waffling so far, however, leaves scant hope that he will do any of these things. If he does not, the black comedy could become a horror story:

Foreign nations retaliate against the new U.S. restrictions, and angry U.S. politicians and businessmen press Nixon to hit back by putting up barriers against an even longer list of imports. Cooler heads in all nations warn that such a cycle of retaliation and counter-retaliation, carried to the extreme, can have the most chilling consequences. The last such spiral began during—and did much to deepen—the Great Depression. But the margin for good sense is slim, as the world teeters on the brink of a trade war that no one wanted.

AEROSPACE

Red Ink at Rolls-Royce

In the fierce competition for supremacy in the market for giant jets, even the largest players have taken jumbo losses. Boeing Co. suffered severely when engines for its 747s were delivered late. Pan Am has had to scrub some 747 flights because of persistent bugs in the engines. Financially shaky Lockheed has sunk hundreds of millions into developing its TriStar jumbo jet, which is scheduled to make its first flight this week. Lockheed has 178 orders for the TriStar, far fewer than it needs to break even.

Last week the steeply rising price of staying in the competition was underscored by a British government rescue operation to save Rolls-Royce, the company famed for its costly cars (\$22,000 and up in the U.S.) and superb aircraft engines. Rolls-Royce is building the engines for Lockheed's TriStar and has already received \$113 million in British

government aid toward the power plant. That amount did not match the engineering costs, which are running twice as high as estimates made two years ago. Amid gasps of shock in the House of Commons last week, the Tory government announced that it would have to put up another \$101 million.

Rolls-Royce, which reported a trading loss of \$7.4 million for this year's first half, also is writing off another \$108 million in losses it expects to take once the engine goes into production. The company cannot pass the increased costs on to Lockheed because, to win the Tri-Star contract, Rolls-Royce agreed to a price ceiling for the first 600 engines. Thus, on top of development expenses, Rolls-Royce will lose money on each of the first 600 engines manufactured. If the government refused to give more aid, Rolls-Royce could disappear as a major aircraft enginemaker, resulting in drastic layoffs among its 80,000-man work force.

The price of the Rolls-Royce rescue was paid by Sir Denning Pearson, 62, an engineer who has headed the company since 1957. He stepped down as chairman and was replaced by Lord Cole, 64, the cost-conscious former chief of the Unilever soap and food empire.

Beware of the Birds. Rolls-Royce's troubles are those of a cash-short player trying to keep up with the international competition. Its financial troubles have been compounded by technological problems encountered in developing the TriStar's engine. Rolls-Royce's pioneering use of "Hyfil"—carbon fibers laminated with resin—for fan blades produced an engine that was lighter and more economical on fuel. But the Hyfil blades were vulnerable to damage by birds drawn into an engine during take-off or flight. A 4-lb. bird makes an impact equivalent to two tons on a spinning turbine. Engineers are working to strengthen Hyfil, but Rolls-Royce has switched to titanium blades like those used in American engines.

Rolls-Royce is not the only aerospace company that Britain's taxpayers may have to bail out. British Aircraft Corp., which is developing a medium-range 300-passenger jet airbus, is asking the government for \$240 million in subsidies. A consortium of French, West German and Dutch manufacturers is building a rival airbus, a project that Britain's previous Labor government had abandoned. The Continentals have invited the British government to scrap the B.A.C. airbus and rejoin them, at a cost to Britain of less than \$100 million. The Cabinet may announce its decision this week. Either way, Rolls-Royce stands to benefit. If the British do build an airbus, it will naturally be powered by Rolls-Royce engines. But if the British abandon their ship and decide to join an all-Europe airbus project, Rolls-Royce will not only certainly get the engine contract, but the Europeans may sweeten the deal by giving financial aid toward developing the power plant.

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To spice a traveler's life

THE THEATER

Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum

Writing a flawless murder mystery for the stage is probably rarer than committing the perfect crime. Anthony Shaffer has done it in *Sleuth*. Shaffer, twin brother of Peter Shaffer (*The Royal Hunt of the Sun*), has written a thriller that is urbane, clever, unashamedly literate, clawingly tense and playfully savage. If it is not the best play of its genre ever, it is neck and neck with the best.

The setting is the study of an English country house, the home of Andrew Wyke (Anthony Quayle), a successful mystery writer. Into the room comes Milo Tindle (Keith Baxter), a travel agent. Tindle has been having a surreptitious affair with Wyke's wife. After a swift courtesy drink has been poured, Wyke makes Tindle blink by saying, "I understand you want to marry my wife." "Well, yes," gulps Tindle, "with your permission, of course," and a duel to the death begins between the two men.

Present deponent will testify no further as to the plot. To say more would be a crime against pleasure and surprise. Among its bonuses, *Sleuth* is a consummate spoof of thrillers, as keen in satire as suspense. The evening moves from something like the erudite nonchalance of S.S. Van Dine to the venomous gaiety of the "get-the-guests" sequence in *Virginia Woolf*. In the key roles, Quayle and Baxter are lithe and lethal.

Core of Passion. Under its suavely British surface, *Sleuth* contains some bitterly anti-British sentiments. The celebrated games-playing vocabulary of the English—with terms like fair play and a sporting chance—is cant in Shaffer's view. It masks some bloody-minded bigotry and is no sounder a guide to the British national character than the ritualized tea ceremony is to that of the Japanese. Wyke is very pukka. Tindle is half Italian with a half-Jewish father. Wyke can be loftily amusing about this ("Some of my best friends are half-Jews"), but he can also spit with rage ("a wop, a yid, a not-one-of-me face"). This is a seething ethnic confrontation and it gives *Sleuth* a core of passion that most mysteries, and all too many plays, lack.

■ T.E. Kalem

Genesis Nemesis

There is a stowaway on Noah's ark: Jonah. *Two By Two* is a jinxed musical—arch, vulgar, lumbering, stale. It may conceivably make scores of theater-party ticket purchasers curse their favorite charities for months to come. There is, of course, Danny Kaye as Noah, and he does everything short of scat singing a git-begat-gittle number.

God informs Noah of the flood with monstrous banality. Bursts of thunder test the capacity of the amplification system, and huge projections of film stills

on the back wall of the stage feature the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (creation), paintings of fleshy Renaissance nudes (corruption), and whirling Van Gogh suns (upheavals of nature). After that, the show lasts 40 days and 40 nights, with one 15-minute intermission.

Two By Two ignores every dramatic basic. It lacks conflict. Its characters are unreal and undeveloped, and it fosters no affinity between the playgoer and the players. Noah's three sons are, respectively, a lout (Shem), a lecher (Ham) and a moral prig (Japheth). Noah straightens out their biblically unrecorded sexual hang-ups like a pre-1st century marriage counselor and spars in spurious stage-generation-gap fashion

EDDIE



DANNY KAYE IN "TWO BY TWO"
No git-begat-gittle.

with his youngest son, who is skeptical about the Divine Establishment.

Lacking the audacity to represent a naive childlike purity of faith, and incapable of the sophisticated myth-mocking irony of an Anouilh or a Giraudoux, Peter Stone rests his book, derived from Clifford Odets' *The Flowing Peach*, on the pitifully thin humor of anachronism. Except for one he-begaling ballad, *I Do Not Know a Day I Did Not Love You*, Richard Rodgers' score is almost barren of melodic appeal, and Martin Charnin's lyrics could have been ticked off by a metronome.

That leaves Danny Kaye with rather more than he can salvage. Kaye is not naturally funny but more of a stuntman of humor who relies on glib footwork, a glibber tongue and a foxy aptitude for facial contortions. He has had to subdue these in *Two By Two* and concentrate on just being liked. He works long and arduously at it, and he is liked. And pitied. At show's end he is supposed to be 601 years old, and few in the opening-night audience felt appreciably younger.

■ T.E.K.

The anti-social drinker:

ABSTRACT OF DRIVERS RECORD

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION IS FURNISHED FROM THE DRIVERS LICENSE FILE OF THE PERSON IDENTIFIED BELOW, PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF THE VEHICLE LAW ...

GEORGE R. [REDACTED] S [REDACTED]
AR [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

TYPE OF ACTION	DATE OF ACTION	DESCRIPTION OF OFFENSE	ACCIDENT OR DOCKET NO.	TOTAL POINTS	LENGTH OF SUSPENSION
09	10 12 62	SPEEDING			
00	08 00 62	RECKLESS DRIVING			
06	07 24 64	DRIVING AFTER SUSPEN.			
00	00 21 64	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.			
35	10 06 64	DRIVING AFTER SUSPEN.			
02	00 00 64	LIC. SUSPENDED			07 00 65
04	05 10 67	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.	[REDACTED]		
02	09 02 67	LIC. SUSPENDED	[REDACTED]		05 10 69
90	02 17 68	RECKLESS DRIVING	[REDACTED]		
94	01 04 69	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.			
94	03 13 69	DRIVING WHILE INTOX.			
03	04 06 69	LIC. SUSPENDED	[REDACTED]		12 22 69
99	01 05 70	RECKLESS DRIVING	[REDACTED]	25	
99	03 21 70	SPEEDING	[REDACTED]	6	
99	07 06 70	RECKLESS DRIVING	[REDACTED]	5	

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- (2) handled properly by the courts,
- (3) brought into treatment, and
- (4) kept off the road until that treatment is effective.

What can you do? Help make sure your state and your local community support this federal countermeasures program. Write a letter to your governor and to your mayor. Tell them you want your state and your city to cooperate fully in the National Highway Safety Bureau's new Alcohol Safety Countermeasures Program. Your letter could make the difference.

*Names and places have been obscured and dates changed to preclude identification.



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November 11, 1970.

CINEMA

The Fjords Aren't Alive . . .

Remember *The Great Victor Herbert*? Or *Hi Diddle Diddle*? Or how about *Never Put It in Writing*? Well, Andrew Stone has done it again with *Song of Norway*. Adapted by Stone from the highly successful 1944 Broadway operetta and filmed in Scandinavia and England at a cost of about \$4,000,000, *Song* is a wildly romanticized biography of Edvard Grieg, once hailed as the "Chopin of the North." By comparison, *The Sound of Music* is not only trenchant social documentary but a symphonic tour de force.

As portrayed by Norwegian Actor Toralf Maurstad, Grieg comes across as a cross between Horatio Alger and



HENDERSON & KIDS IN "NORWAY"
Has Hans heard this?

Jackie Coogan. He confides to his close friend, Rikard Nordraak (Frank Poretta), "I was beginning to lose any hope, Nordraak, of ever being important." The plot follows Grieg's agonized crawl to fame, illustrated principally by a lot of fancy name-dropping. "I've written 15 songs for the poems of Hans Christian Andersen," he shyly admits. Cries Nordraak, eagerly: "Has Hans heard these?" Later, Grieg's wife Nina (Florence Henderson) sighs: "How do you suppose the others managed?" Replies a piano salesman played by Edward G. Robinson: "You mean Schubert and Liszt, for example?" When Grieg enters the Scandinavian Club in Rome, the clerk informs him, "A countryman of yours was asking for you." Grieg asks, "Who's that?" Replies the clerk: "Mr. Ibsen."

At least the fjords should have come with the sound of Grieg's music, but its richness is lost in endless romps

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over Julie Andrews' old daffodilled hill-sides. It may be argued that *Song* is aimed at the kids. If so, they will quail pitifully when Grieg the reluctant piano teacher whacks a slow pupil across the knuckles à la *Seventh Veil*. Anyway, today's *Sesame Street*-schooled youngsters are much too sophisticated to be beguiled by so banal and outmoded a story line.

■ Mark Goodman

A Surplus of Capers

Graham (Stanley Baker) is a rather stuffy British bank manager with the usual accouterments: conservative suit, sensible umbrella, requisite black bowler. Britt (Ursula Andress) has more than the usual accouterments, and she uses them to keep herself in creature comforts like sports cars and chic clothes. Her husband Nick (David Warner) is a jaded aristocrat who lives almost entirely on credit and his finely chiseled profile. He needs Britt, worldly goods and a lot of money, which gives him something in common with Graham, who has a foolproof plan to rob his bank and get all three. Graham enlists Nick's aid, and Britt spends a good deal of time in bed with each of them, flattering, cajoling and trying in her inimitable way to work out the best deal for herself. Dawns the day of the big robbery on a *Perfect Friday*, and there is a neat little surprise in store for everyone, you can be sure. Everyone, that is, except the resourceful Britt.

Yes, they still make movies like this. The question is why. Surely there is a considerable surplus of these caper epics, involving the intricate mechanics of some complicated robbery scheme and the assorted tensions and rivalries, professional or romantic, among the people who carry them through. *Gambit*, *Topkapi*, *How to Steal a Million*—the list seems endless. But the genre is not, as *Perfect Friday* proves.

Director Peter Hall, who has successfully directed Pinter and Shakespeare onstage, gives the action an occasional jolt of adrenaline. Ursula Andress, whose role seems to consist entirely of turning in—usually naked—is easy on the eyes and, for once, also on the credulity. The man who steals the show, if not the bank's money, is David Warner of England's Royal Shakespeare Company, who swoops and camps around in the perfect comic caricature of the decadent nobleman.

■ Jay Cockes

In the Tradition

Machine Gun McCain is an Italian gangster film in the old American tradition, manufactured with the kind of sardonic reverence that made many of the spaghetti Westerns so much cockeyed fun. The plot creaks with age: an ex-con named Hank McCain (John Cassavetes) gets sprung from the pen after serving twelve years of a life sentence. "How's it feel to be outside again, Dad?"

beams his benefactor at the prison gate. "Don't ever call me that," snarls McCain, who regards his foppish son with heavy-lidded suspicion.

Sonny, it seems, has managed to parole his old man by spending \$25,000 in the right places. He needs his father's unique talents on a dodgy job in Vegas. An upwardly mobile Mafia biggie (Peter Falk) has a yen to get in on some of the casino action and has hired Sonny to help him out. McCain doesn't know about the alliance between Sonny and the mob, but he spots the deal as a setup anyway. Like any good father, he chews out his kid about his job ("Where d'ya get \$25,000? Sell women? Marijuana? Hustle yourself all over the street? Small time!") and about his companions ("Fags!"). Then he cuts out to do the job on his own. Along the route to the ritual slaughter, McCain meets an old girl friend (Gena Rowlands), a new wife (Britt Ekland) and



CASSAVETES & EKLAND IN "McCain"
A jape or a jolt.

enough unsavory characters to provide a neat 94 minutes of bloodshed and nastiness.

These proceedings might have turned out to be pretty shabby without the presence of first-rate actors who can turn any scene, without warning, into a jape or a jolt. Cassavetes, who took the role to get money to finish his 1968 film, *Faces*, looks rumpled, intense and angry as McCain and manages to invest this anti-heroic part with some characteristic bits of melancholy.

Falk has a splendid time either muscling the opposition in Vegas or quaking before the elegant threats of a *capo* from New York. Gena Rowlands (Mrs. Cassavetes outside the movies) does the tough-but-tender-broad routine with such wistful sexiness that her heart of gold is almost 24-carat. When she and Cassavetes play a boisterous reunion scene, the film, however briefly, is transformed from flyweight entertainment into something true and touching.

■ J.C.

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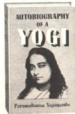
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BOOKS

The Morality of Violence

NUREMBERG AND VIETNAM: AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY by Telford Taylor. 224 pages. Quadrangle. \$5.95.

AMERICAN VIOLENCE, A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY by Richard Hofstadter and Michael Wallace. 478 pages. Knopf. \$10.

Men who take up arms against one another in public war do not cease on this account to be moral beings, responsible to one another and to God.

—U.S. Army regulations, 1863

The usefulness and morality of violence—at home and in Viet Nam—have become dreadful, Siamese-twin preoccupations of a divided American consciousness. A corrosively partisan debate concerning them has just been joined by two scholar-essayists—Pulitzer prizewinning Historian Richard Hofstadter, who died last month after completing this volume with the help of a young colleague, and Columbia Law Professor Telford Taylor, 62, who served with the rank of brigadier general as chief U.S. counsel at the Nuremberg Trials.

Being a lawyer, Taylor is concerned with precedent. Being a humanist, he took seriously Justice Robert Jackson's famous Nuremberg remark that the example of a restraining law then applied to the Nazis would serve no useful purpose if it was not used to condemn aggression "by any other nations, including those which sit here now in judgment." Since alleged U.S. aggression in Viet Nam has lately been cited against the U.S. under the Nuremberg precedent by American soldiers refusing to fight, Taylor set out to re-examine the war-crime concept with a view to fixing the Viet Nam War and its conduct by the U.S. within the framework of the laws of war.

He will no doubt disappoint extreme hawks and doves alike because he de-

cides that the law could probably never determine satisfactorily which side committed aggression (too many technicalities both ways). On the often-raised question of constitutionality, Taylor offers no solace to doves. After reviewing the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, the Constitution and U.S. ratification of the U.N. Charter, he suggests that the war is most probably legal in U.S. terms—mainly on the basis of clearly demonstrated congressional intent to help President Johnson pursue it. But after sifting a number of cases, including the events and trials relating to Song My, Taylor concludes that the U.S. seems to be committing war crimes that violate legal precedents established by the Geneva Conventions and the 1956 Army Manual. Taylor's concern is mainly My Lai-like incidents, the killing of prisoners and destruction of villages suspected of harboring Viet Cong.

Assigning Responsibility. The guilt of common soldiers and junior officers, according to Taylor, depends largely on whether or not their acts are consistent with widespread battle practice—regardless of official orders. If they are consistent, then responsibility may move up as high as the commanding general. Taylor cites the case of General Tomoyuki Yamashita, commander of Japanese forces in the Philippines during the chaotic final stages of World War II. Yamashita had given orders against unnecessary killing, but because he failed to prevent it, a military court tried him and put him to death. Taylor suggests that a U.S. tribunal composed of officers and civilians take up alleged Viet Nam war crimes and assign responsibility. The Army's moral health, he asserts, will not be recovered unless it is willing to judge its own behavior by the "same standards applied to Tomoyuki Yamashita 25 years ago."

It does not require blind patriotism or total cynicism to boggle at the pos-

sibility of, say, General Westmoreland haled before such a bar of military justice. But Taylor's findings, like the statement of many a Supreme Court decision, are morally compelling, because of the lore and logic cited to support them. Beyond its direct application to Viet Nam, the book is a remarkable historic study of a line of social thought that many readers will begin by regarding as hopeless and legalistic, and end by admiring profoundly.

Under international law, war itself is not necessarily held a crime, though, as Taylor dryly notes, "war consists largely of acts that would be criminal if performed in time of peace." Accordingly, the whole notion of reducing crime in war is in some ways preposterous. Taylor underlines how limited is the range of war crimes that can be controlled by international conventions. He shows how that range steadily shrinks—as weapons become more powerful and less discriminating, and vaster horrors, like the aerial bombing of cities in World War II, become acceptable under the doctrine of response to "military necessity." Yet he traces the concept of military law to ancient human usage, to residual religious and moral restraint, to St. Augustine's first definition of just and unjust war, and to the irreducible pinch of practical sense, decency and self-interest that hold human societies together.

Assessing Violence. There is little room for youthful absolutism in Taylor's philosophy. Under military law, a few humane requirements—mainly concerning treatment of civilians, prisoners and hospitals—do get "followed more often than not." And for that reason, says Taylor, "millions are alive today who would otherwise be dead." To the notion that such palliatives be junked on the grounds that if war were even worse men might be more inclined to abolish it, Taylor replies simply: "These are counsels of desperation with little logic or experience to commend them."

Richard Hofstadter is similarly tena-

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IT REALLY ISN'T CHRISTMAS WITHOUT THEM.



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cious about the need to assess violence with common sense and common humanity, but with only modest hope of dramatic improvement. The rediscovery by the U.S. of its violent past, says Hofstadter in a brilliant 43-page essay that begins his book, is "one of the important intellectual legacies of the 1960s." Though much given to domestic disorders, Americans have long been able to "persuade themselves that they are among the best-behaved and best-regulated of peoples." Lawlessness is customarily linked to political upheaval. Yet the U.S. level of civil violence "that rather resembles some Latin American republics or the volatile new states of Asia and Africa" has coincided with a political stability "that compares favorably with, say, that of England or the bland politics of Scandinavia."

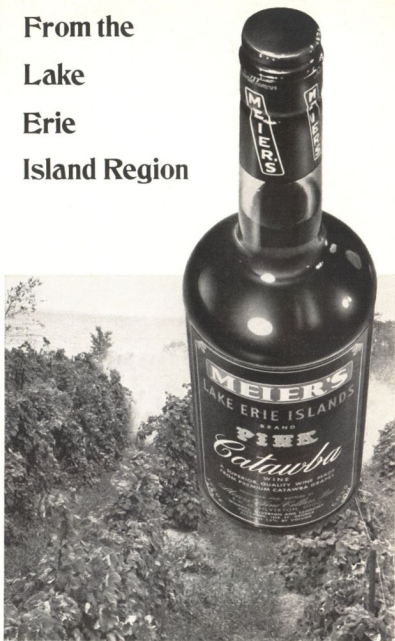
Level of Lawlessness. Hofstadter offers explanations. Except for the Revolution (a triumph) and the Civil War (a disaster), domestic violence rarely had a dramatic or decisive effect on the course of U.S. history. It lacked this decisive effect because it rarely threatened the power of the state, and never came armed with ideology.

In thus attempting to fix the comparative level and significance of U.S. domestic lawlessness among the nations of the world, Hofstadter characteristically insists that it is important to avoid "the conventional and maudlin anti-Americanism of our era, and not to be parochial even in self-denigration." It was with that aim in view that he and Michael Wallace created the balance of the book, a 107-item sampler of violent incidents in U.S. history. They use brief, carefully chosen eyewitness accounts because these are "the kinds of raw materials that historians work with."

Readers, thus challenged to become historians, will find much that is familiar: the Whisky Rebellion (1794), John Brown's Raid on Harpers Ferry (1859), Watts, Robert Kennedy's murder. Some items, like the Hatfield-and-McCoy feud, seem frivolous. Given human nature, a few are totally surprising, among them the riots that regularly took place against whorehouses. The entries tend to blur on continuous reading. But individual portraits of cruelty shock indelibly, and some marvelous dramatic vignettes lodge in the mind: callous young surgeons at a New York hospital in 1788 hanging a human arm in a window and telling a passing child that it was his mother, an incident that touched off a mass riot against grave-robbing doctors; white clouds of flour exploding from tossed barrels outside a warehouse during an 1837 riot against the cost of food; a black abolitionist and a Maryland slave owner come to claim runaways in Pennsylvania, in 1851, having an enraged Bible-quoting bee—to prove that slavery is and is not justified by the Scriptures.

It is hard to come away from such episodes without granting H. Rap Brown's flip premise that violence is "as American as cherry pie." It is impossible,

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- The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee
- The Economics of Being Black
- Cashing In on Canada's New "Floating" Dollar
- Cyclamates: Did America Overreact?
- How to Buy Air Without Getting Framed
- Crucial Consensus—A regular feature of **MONEYWORTH** in which the opinions of leading book, record, and film critics are tabulated.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

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The Effect of Air Pollution on Potency

The Great Odometer Gyp—How rent-a-car companies take the American public for a \$10-million-a-year ride.

"No Load" Mutual Funds—A list of 45 funds that return the equivalent of an 8% profit at the very moment of investment.

12 Ways to Put the Touch on Friends—And 12 ways to demur.

How to Buy Medical Insurance Without Trauma

The Encouragement of Reckless Driving by GM, Chrysler, and Ford—Verbatim quotes from their souped-up ads in hot-rod magazines.

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Legal Ways to Beat Sales Taxes

Co-ops and Condominiums Explained

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Social Security's Special Rules for Women

How Metreac Affects Your Diet

Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle—A Hartford attorney tells why he believes that "more than 90% of American policies are sold through misrepresentation, deceit, and fraud."

Teaching Your Child the Value of Money—Without having him overvalue it.

How to Handle Computerized Dunning Letters

Taxproof Money—A collection of highly creative, little-known, perfectly legal gimmicks.

How to Distinguish Health from Hokum at the Health-Food Store

Blindness Caused by Contact Lenses

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though, not to join Hofstadter in rejecting Brown's corollary remark that violence is "necessary." Like other critics of present-day revolutionary chatter, Hofstadter observes that most social reforms in the U.S.—including the machinery of the welfare state—were brought about nonviolently or with a minimum, judicious and, above all, patient use of force. Unlike so many establishment thinkers, Hofstadter does not pretend that violence is nifty in Viet Nam but un-American at home. He understands that it can be contemplated as a practical measure. "Violence that would in fact lead to a full realization of the rights of blacks," he writes, "would have a great deal to be said for it."

Apocalyptically Impatient. In the American past, violence, whether for good or bad ends, has sometimes been effective. The practical lesson of the book is that success depends on certain conditions—none of which exist today: the hope of limiting and localizing the use of violence; the presence of an indifferent or massively approving public, and the use of violence for some precise and possible goal.

Despite the "now" tendency—derived in part from Frantz Fanon—to regard violence as psychological therapy and revolution as an act of theater, Hofstadter says, the young, apocalyptically impatient revolutionists operate on the latent, unexamined assumption that "violence will deliver" practical reforms. He urges them to examine that assumption, in part by doing their history homework. "The right of revolution is itself an established and sanctified rationale for violence," he writes. "But the difficulty lies in being reasonably sure, before the event, that the evil will indeed be ended and not exacerbated or succeeded by some equal or greater evil. For this reason all politicians, revolutionary no less than establishment politicians, must work with a terrible calculus in human misfortune." The fallacy of taking Scarsdale for the Sierra Maestra, says Hofstadter, is pathetic. It may prove tragic as well.

■ Timothy Foote

Untruth in Packaging

MY REVOLUTION by Alex Karmel. 387 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$10.

With nearly all the moral fastidiousness of an itinerant siding salesman, Alex Karmel bamboozles the reader into believing that the title page of his book means what it says. There seems no reason to doubt that *My Revolution, Promenades in Paris 1789-1794* really is the diary of Restif de la Bretonne, author of *The Pornographer*. The *Perverse Peasant*, and *Paris Nights*. Restif was indeed a writer of the revolutionary period, a fascinating, talented lowlife who wrote some 200 books that mixed pornography and social criticism in roughly equal measure, and died in 1806 after Napoleon, oddly enough, gave him a job in the prefecture of police.



KARMEI & DE LA BRETONNE
Handmade wormholes are real.

The historic side of the journal begins with a fine whiff of actuality. Restif chooses July 14th to oversleep and misses the storming of the Bastille. He meets the bloody-minded revolutionary Jean-Paul Marat, before Marat has any importance, and finds him horrifying. Later, someone shouts "Power to the people!"—almost 200 years ago. What great luck, the reader thinks, that Karmel has unearthed the diary of a man as impressionable as Restif.

Actually, Restif wrote no diary during the terror. *My Revolution* is an exasperating dodge, deceptively mislabeled by the publishers. It was written entirely in 1969 by Alex Karmel, a novelist and an ex-Fulbright student in Paris. The book is exceptional because the reader is led to think that Karmel's handmade wormholes are real. It is exasperating because as a historical novel it must be counted brilliant.

Karmel's Restif, splendid fellow, is not only a gossipist and eavesdropper but an aging whoremonger, moralist, printer and pamphleteer, skeptic, citizen, sentimentalist and night-prowling philosopher. He catches perfectly the queerness of the scene when he does reach the Bastille: "The fortress is being looted. From the high towers precious documents float down into the moat." He records the rainy graysness of Paris and the strange periods of calm when the Revolution catches its breath ("Most people lost interest. . . . The price of bread continued to rise"). He sees the city's whores applaud a lynching "with their white hands, so expert at stimulating desire." He tries to turn his eyes away when a laughing mob drags a headless corpse from the Hôtel de Ville, but he cannot.

What gives the book flesh and weight, however, is not local color. It is the lecherous old rationalist Restif, whose expert portrait by Karmel, in turn, reflects more of the spirit of revolutionary

Paris than any neutral reportage is likely to do. Karmel nudges the reader once or twice too often to see parallels between Restif's Revolution and those of modern times. But he has superbly proved his boast that "this is the book Restif did not write but should have." All it lacks is a modest degree of "truth in packaging."

■ John Skow

Follow the Sun

BRILL AMONG THE RUINS by Vance Bourjaily. 354 pages. Dial. \$6.95.

Vance Bourjaily can be a very good writer. See, for example, the best parts of *The Man Who Knew Kennedy*, *The Hound of Earth* or even his first book, *The End of My Life*, a work that helped rank him up with the Capotes and the Mailers after World War II.

But this time Bourjaily fumbles sadly, delivering the important though stale news that the U.S. is in trouble: America-in-transition is sloppily represented by an Illinois lawyer named Robert Brill—a sort of Hemingway-reject here. Brill qualifies as a case of vanishing American manhood mainly by shooting ducks, going on 80-hour drunks, and snarling boozily at Progress—gas pipelines and defoliating chemicals. At the same time he sheds 90-proof tears for the Old Verities: small farms, unpolluted streams and 19th century motherhood. Finally, he takes off for Mexico with a girl who can "turn herself from earth to ether and back again."

Playing amateur archaeologist among the Aztec ruins, Brill tries to poke home the author's moral: Look at what becomes of people who worship gold, the "sun's excrement," instead of the sun. Alas, Bourjaily's real message is this: Nobody is likely to become extinct faster than American novelists trying to rework Lost Generation formulas in the age of Aquarius.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. Crystal Cave, Stewart (3)
3. Islands in the Stream, Hemingway (2)
4. The Child from the Sea, Glouge (4)
5. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (8)
6. God Is an Englishman, Delderfield (5)
7. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (7)
8. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (6)
9. Calico Palace, Bristow
10. Play It As It Lays, Didion (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. Inside the Third Reich, Speer (3)
4. Future Shock, Toffler (4)
5. Body Language, Fast (6)
6. A White House Diary, Johnson
7. Papillon, Charrière (5)
8. Zelda, Milford (7)
9. The Greening of America, Reich
10. Don't Fall Off the Mountain, MacLaine

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